The Nation.

April 16, 1988 $1.25; U.K. £1

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
AT
LINCOLN CENTER
PERIODICAL HOLDINGS

EDITORIAL

# FOR JESSE JACKSON AND HIS CAMPAIGN

Jesse Jackson is a serious candidate for the presidency. He was always serious; it was just the press, the political scientists and the other politicians who belittled his campaign, trivialized his efforts and disdained his prospects. Despite the contempt and condescension of the media—or perhaps because of it—Jackson went to the most remote and isolated grass roots in the American social landscape to find the strength for a campaign that has already begun to transform politics. For five years his distance from the funders, the managers, the mediators and the consultants who manipulate the Democratic Party and legitimize its candidates has allowed Jackson to do unimaginable things and say unspeakable words—about race, about class, about equality and, indeed, about democracy. To an extent that may be unique in presidential elections in this century, he derives his power from the people. The enormous energy that his campaign releases has created a new populist moment, over-

(*Continued on Page 519*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LETTERS.

## JAILHOUSE NAÏVETÉ

*New York City*

Lee W. Jones's *Nation* article on William Remington's murder in Lewisburg Penitentiary, "After Thirty-three Years, the Real Story" [Jan. 9], is a good example of the error one can get into if one naïvely accepts any government files uncritically. The real "real story" is much worse than that projected in the article.

Jones's most egregious error is to accept as gospel the Bureau of Prisons' account of the anti-Communism pervading the prison. My own experience in prison during this period led me to the opposite conclusion: that none of the many prisoners I encountered were infected with this virus. And I did make a real effort to evaluate the situation at the time.

When I was still in the Tombs, after the trial, Mortimer and Lait, two columnists of the rag *The Mirror*, ran a column to inform me that once I was shipped to the big-time prisons I would wish I had been given the death penalty, along with Julius and Ethel, because all of the patriotic prisoners would make life so miserable for me. Thus, when I first went down to Atlanta, in 1951, it was not without some anxiety. But it did not take me long to realize that the two columnists must have written that piece at the behest of the F.B.I., because I simply found no hostility among any of the other prisoners. And the same held in Alcatraz, to which I was shipped in 1952. In fact, I found a great deal of warmth among the men I encountered at that time. The reasons for this are another story.

In 1965 I was shipped to Lewisburg, where I had an opportunity to meet some men who were there at the time Remington was murdered, and from them I got the story that George McCoy and Louis Cagle Jr. were persuaded to kill Remington by parties unknown. Cynic that I am, I assumed it was the prison authorities. This is the story that was covered up by the B.O.P., not the phony anti-Communism.

I got to know McCoy, who had been shipped to Alcatraz after the murder, but I couldn't get any information from him. I attributed my failure to the cleverness of the provocateurs—coupled with his low I.Q. But it is obvious that the B.O.P. was not afraid that this stalwart anti-Communist might kill another Communist—myself—and create an even more embarrassing situation. I know I had no fears at the time that he might go after me.

In a related case, the Croatian who piped Bob Thompson, one of the Communist 11, at the Federal detention house, was shipped to Alcatraz. I don't believe he acted spontaneously, either. My wife then, Helen, fearful that he might go after me, protested to the B.O.P., and they shipped him away. But I can't believe that even the B.O.P. would have been so stupid as to risk what would have been a most embarrassing incident, should he have acted out his anti-Communist role again, on me.

In addition, I never heard that any of the many Communist Party leaders who were sent to prison under the Smith Act felt threatened by the other prisoners. To the contrary, they were all warmly received and highly regarded. The portrait of the prisoners as monsters, in the B.O.P. report, is ill-founded and is a reflection on the B.O.P. itself. I am reminded of the Elizabeth Bentley testimony that Remington gave her very secret plans for converting garbage into perfume, which she proceeded to transmit to the Soviet Union. The B.O.P. report is made of the same garbage—only it hasn't been converted to perfume, yet. A little less naïveté, please! *Morton Sobell*

## JONES REPLIES

*New York City*

Morton Sobell's argument suffers from the very lack of critical approach that he attributes to my article. What could be more "uncritical" than the full acceptance of a prison rumor, circulating eleven years after the fact, that Remington's murder was instigated "by parties unknown"? Is that the "real 'real story'"? Where is the proof? Come on, Sobell, what kind of "real story" is that?

Sobell's uncritical viewpoint is further evident in his failure to infer from the B.O.P. sections cited in the article the horrible implications that seem suggested. The circumstances surrounding the murder are so shocking that they come close to conveying the impression of the very kind of "set-up" that Sobell suggests was the "real story." The details in this report are so incriminating that I feel confident in accepting it as an objective one, except, of course, for its self-absolving conclusion.

Sobell has a perspective not surprising in a McCarthy-era "casualty." He finds government conspiracies behind everything—the *Mirror* article, the Thompson piping and the Remington motive cover-up. To believe, in the latter case, that the government had a cover-up within a cover-up (that is, that anti-Communism was a second layer of motive cover-up, behind the robbery motive) is most illogical. For one thing, anti-Communism as a motive was publicly denied and was only inadvertently revealed more than thirty years later. Second, it was the very motive that, as Max Lerner pointed out, would have been most embarrassing to the government. The fact that Sobell did not encounter the "anti-Communist virus" during his many years in prison does not preclude its existence at Lewisburg, especially just after the "infamous" Alger Hiss had been released following what was perceived as a relatively brief prison stay.

The "real" or complete story of the Remington murder may never be fully known, but the release of the B.O.P. report corrects some misconceptions and shows that Remington's murder, like his prosecution, was moved by political hysteria. *Lee W. Jones*

## DISSOCIATION BLUES

*Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.*

I hope it is not out of order to respond to the contents of a full-page political advertisement in the February 13 issue of *The Nation* ["Time to Dissociate From Israel"]. I find myself in sympathy with most of the sentiments of those who would have the United States dissociate itself from Israel's policy vis-à-vis the Palestinians. Many of those who signed the ad are people for whom I have a great respect.

It is important that, to maintain our own rationality, we not make saints out of the oppressed. The Palestinians who have been rioting in the West Bank and Gaza are not all "unarmed Palestinians." Throwing rocks is not a nonviolent act. The excessive force that they have been met with is another issue.

In looking at Israel's relationship to the United States, we must also recognize that, especially under the present Administration, the United States has used Israel. All of us need to dissociate ourselves from the U.S. policies in the Middle East and in Central America, in which Israel has been used as a pawn of those policies, selling arms where Congress would not permit it, etc. *Contra*-gate and Irangate make it clear that Israel has been an instrument of U.S. policy. I wish Israel would distance itself from such American policy. The United States' effort to have its policies followed all over the world has made strange bedfellows in many places and perverted the cause of justice over and over again. I would like to see the United States stop arming Israel and the other nations of the Middle East, and stop arming the "wrong side" all over the world.

It would, of course, be great if the United States could make a constructive effort to stabilize the Middle East, to end the occupation of the West Bank and Gaza, and use whatever influence and power we have to begin to end the hostilities between Middle Eastern states. *Michael A. Robinson*

*The Nation* welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CONTENTS.

Volume 246, Number 15


LETTERS
518

EDITORIALS
517 For Jesse Jackson and His Campaign

COLUMNS
523 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLES
524 Letter From Europe: The Mitterrand-Chirac-Barre Show — *Daniel Singer*
528 The Homeless Movement: After Charity, Start Organizing — *Brad Kessler*
530 *Gracias a la Vida*: Some Things Death Can't Kill — *Eduardo Galeano*
533 Widows and *Contras*: The Return of Spitz Channell — *David Corn*
535 Democratic Economics: Austerity vs. Jobs and Justice — *Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon and Thomas E. Weisskopf*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
538 Poetry on Location — *Katha Pollitt*
540 Achebe: Anthills of the Savannah — *James Marcus*
542 Coles: The Learning Mystique: A Critical Look at "Learning Disabilities" — *Herbert Kohl*
544 Art — *Arthur C. Danto*
547 Theater — *Moira Hodgson*

Drawings by Betsy Scheld



*Editor*, Victor Navasky

*Executive Editor*, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors*, George Black, Elsa Dixler, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editors*, Micah L. Sifry, Katrina vanden Heuvel; *Literary Editor*, Elizabeth Pochoda; *Associate Literary Editor*, Maria Margaronis; *Assistant Literary Editor (Copy)*, Julie Abraham; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor*, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Research Director*, Vania Del Borgo; *Copy Chief*, Art Winslow; *Assistant Copy Editors*, Stephen Hubbell, Judith Long; *Assistant to the Editor*, Dennis Selby; *Interns*, Winifred Amaturo (Washington), Elizabeth Beer, Robert S. Boynton, Laura H. Crosby, Kent Curtis, Christopher Hull, Christopher Peacock, Tracy Tullis.

*Departments: Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance*, Mindy Aloff; *Lingo*, Jim Quinn; *Music*, David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater*, Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus: Washington, D.C.*, Jefferson Morley, editor; David Corn, correspondent; *Latin America*, Penny Lernoux; *Europe*, Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom*, E.P. Thompson; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Stuart Klawans (*The Small Time*), Edward Sorel. *Contributing Editors:* Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener. *Editorial Board:* Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe. *InterNation Editor*, Mark Schapiro.

*Manuscripts:* The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

*Publisher*, Arthur L. Carter

*President and Associate Publisher*, David Parker; *General Manager*, Neil Black; *Advertising Director*, Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers*, Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art /Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director*, Stephen W. Soule; *Subscription Manager*, Cookee V. Klein; *Publicity Director*, Sarah Perl; *InterNation Manager*, Phillip Frazer; *Assistant Advertising Manager*, Eamonn Fitzgerald; *Receptionist*, Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Production*, Terry Miller; *Typography*, Randall Cherry, Mitchel Cohen, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates Director*, Sandra Zickefoose; *Syndication*, Jeff Sorensen; *Newsstand Sales Manager*, Jay Pearsall.



*The Nation* (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1988 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau*: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price*: One year, $36; two years, $67. Add $9 for postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.


# EDITORIALS.

## Jesse Jackson

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

taking the languid hours and dull days of conventional politics and imagining possibilities for substantial change beyond the usual incremental transactions of the two-party system. It offers hope against cynicism, power against prejudice and solidarity against division. It is the specific antithesis to Reaganism and reaction, which, with the shameful acquiescence of the Democratic center, have held America in their thrall for most of this decade and which must now be defeated. For that reason, *The Nation* is endorsing Jesse Jackson for the Democratic nomination for President.

The Jackson campaign is not a single shot at higher office by an already elevated politician. Rather, it is a continuing, expanding, open-ended project to organize a movement for the political empowerment of all those who participate. In the beginning, Jackson identified his basic constituency as the most "dispossessed and disaffected" Americans of all, the blacks of the rural South and the Northern ghettos, people who seemed permanently disenfranchised from citizenship and thus denied entrance into the system of rewards and privileges that is every citizen's right. In a real sense, the campaign became a new civil rights movement with an added dimension of economic justice deriving in spirit from the last campaigns of Martin Luther King Jr. with the black working poor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We work every day," he reminds the crowds, which invariably respond with knowing assent. "And we are still poor. We pick up your garbage; we work every day. We drive your cars, we take care of your children, we empty your bedpans, we sweep your apartments; we work every day. We cook your food, and we don't have time to cook our own. We change your hospital beds and wipe your fevered brow, and we can't afford to lie in that bed when we get sick. We work every day." He does not merely see the poor as victims; he calls them to struggle for their rights.

To include would-be followers in his new movement Jackson made a simple demand: that they register and vote. They responded with groundbreaking enthusiasm. Millions of people who won the vote in the great civil rights efforts of the early 1960s exercised that right for the first time two decades later. The success of Jackson's long march through the cotton counties and ramshackle slums of America was evident before his current campaign commenced, and in ways outside the realm of presidential elections. The "new voters" he inspired joined with millions more, motivated by the stirrings of populist potential on many fronts, and helped break the conservative stranglehold on the Senate in 1986.

More than that, young black—and white—activists from the new movement challenged the legitimacy of cynical and sometimes corrupt leaders who for years had dominated racial and ethnic politics on the local level. Jackson felt compelled to deal with many of the anachronistic demagogues, ward bosses and machines that were in place in his field of operations. He had not yet built an independent force strong enough to present a credible alternative, and his 1984 campaign suffered from that weakness. The pool of available, authentic leaders who shared his vision was smaller then, and he chose some who did his project discredit. His perplexing association with the charismatic but divisive Nation of Islam firebrand Louis Farrakhan can be seen more clearly now in terms of the contradiction it expressed: the tactical acceptance of a powerful rival who had considerable authority over the hearts and minds of the very people Jackson meant to organize.

It is no longer necessary for Jackson to make such bad deals, if it ever was. His successful resolution of those earlier problems, by building his base and expanding his horizons, shows a skill and a sophistication that makes a powerful case for his candidacy. In Mississippi, in Vermont, in Maryland, in Michigan, California, Texas and across his sphere of operations a new breed of progressive leadership has penetrated and in some cases replaced the old power structures. In Detroit, the successful campaign is poised at Mayor Coleman Young's door. And not only in elective office: The campaign has already begun to have important consequences for restructuring leadership of work, social and religious institutions at the base—in labor locals, church groups, community organizations and academic associations.

As the Rainbow Coalition reaches beyond its primary constituency to include an array of new ones, the values espoused are incorporated into the growing movement. When unionists, feminists, Hispanics, Asian-Americans, students, civil libertarians and community activists join or endorse the Rainbow campaign, they contribute their ideals and their energies while they share the coalition's strength. And in the end, it is their participation that catches Jackson's attention and insures the campaign's integrity. Jackson has struggled to legitimize his own leadership above the Old Guard, and he is strong enough now to transcend most of the regressive elements and see the parts of his coalition actually coalescing in practice as well as theory. The results are startling. Farmers from Iowa campaign in black Chicago, white ethnic hard-hats and young gays and lesbians work together in northern Wisconsin, genteel peace activists and black hip-hoppers leaflet in the projects of Hartford. The culture of American politics is being radically reformed.

The shape and substance of the Jackson campaign—in the long version—is essential to an understanding of his candidacy. For one thing, they offer evidence of Jackson's extraordinary conceptual powers and political skills and constitute just the kind of "experience" a President should have to organize the country around a transformative agenda. The argument that Jackson is unqualified for high office because he has never held one is bogus on its face. A modern President—or a postmodern one—is not primarily a business executive or even an engineer of a sterile consensus. There are plenty of managers, budgeters, policy analysts and public relations specialists who would love such jobs and can be hired to perform them. A seat in the Senate or an office in the statehouse has undoubted advantages in the electoral game, but neither has much to do with being President of the United States. A President who would bring real change must organize a social movement to do it, must recast the culture, must institutionalize a vision in politics from the grass roots to the halls of power.

Building a coalition "on the ground" is one thing; using it as a model for an Administration that would redistribute power, reorder priorities and extend democracy is another. The Jackson campaign is woven around a dream whose realization would bring into Washington such doers and dreamers as have not been seen since the first age of Jackson in the infancy of America. They propose to shift the direction of foreign policy from its costly and dangerous obsession with cold war relationships in a bipolar world to a new partnership with the dispossessed and disenfranchised. In this vision, Third World countries would no longer be appraised as mere bases to be contested and their populations as markets to be exploited, but as organic components of an economic and political order in which development and independence take precedence over profits and the paranoia of empire.

Jackson's shorthand on the stump for the new economic system he envisions is, "Stop jobs from going out." What that entails is exceedingly complex. For starters, it involves the C.I.A. and its old assets in labor ceasing to manipulate foreign trade unions; U.S. corporations and transnationals curtailing their most exploitative practices and redirecting the profits from their foreign operations to the development of independent local economies; and a change in monetary policies and debt management in this country to end the economic enslavement of America's clients.

At home, Jackson vows to end the "economic violence" evidenced everywhere—in the ravaged cities and crumbling

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

factories and deserted farms, the homeless and the overcrowded and the underpaid, the uneducated and the sick and the alienated. Despite the blather of the social theorists, those conditions and those people did not just happen; they are the grist of a specific economic order that is supported up and down the line by government policy. Jackson's campaign proposes to confront corporate power with the challenge of populist power, something that sets him apart from the other candidates, who are still reeling from the corporate counterattack in full force since the early 1970s. He has consistently urged real tax reform to reverse the regressive Reagan legislation (passed with many Democratic votes) and, beyond that, to begin a program to redistribute wealth and power from the corporate class to the consuming and working class, on a magnitude that has eluded even the best-intentioned liberals since the New Deal.

Electing Jesse Jackson means endorsing an increase in the minimum wage; measures to end gender pay inequities and reward work on the basis of "comparable worth"; an attempt to reverse the systematic destruction of family farms by corporate agribusiness; Federal action to halt factory flight, of both the offshore and Sun Belt varieties, and ameliorate its consequences among workers and their communities. Jackson's Justice Department, free at last of the Meese curse, could begin to enforce and extend antitrust laws to deal with mergers, takeovers and acquisitions and their baleful effect on economic growth and employment.

In time, under such a presidency, the war economy that has defined the American Century for fifty years might begin to give way to a peace economy. Jackson's first step, and one that could be taken quickly, would be to freeze the defense budget, beginning to weaken apace the ideology of militarism that it has produced. The high-tech hardware firms that bankroll so many political campaigns—Democratic as well as Republican—would have to find new ways to invest their surplus capital. More ambitious still, substantial new investment in education, housing, transportation, community services and infrastructure would lay the foundation for a full-employment society, promised and postponed by Democrats since the end of World War II. Jackson asks that the national education budget be doubled. He proposes job training (and retraining) and a national child-care program to help people stay off welfare. And he seeks a complete revision of the social welfare system as a concept: assistance to the needy not as a necessary evil or noblesse oblige but as a matter of human rights. Finally, alone among presidential candidates now or in the past, Jackson proposes a national health-care plan that would end America's disgraceful attitude toward its sick and make preventive medicine and long-term treatment universally available.

All of Jackson's critics ask, How would you pay for it? He would annually save $60 billion by 1993 from a freeze in defense spending, $20 billion by restoring the maximum personal income tax rate to 38.5 percent (affecting the wealthiest 600,000 Americans) and $20 billion by returning corporate taxes to near their 1970 levels. The campaign has drawn up impressive budgets, and Jackson is offering ingenious new ways of liberating capital for public use, such as the investment of pension funds in federally approved projects. But the budget crunch that has deadlocked social development in America for a generation cannot be approached by limiting the range of possibilities to existing categories of revenue. Look at the wealth of America, weigh its resources, feel its power. There's enough money in this country to do everything Jackson asks, and more. The neoliberal formula manipulates available resources within the existing orders of priority; the progressive vision articulated by Jackson points to the country's vast wealth, and the waste of so much on militarism and imperial adventure. On one side lie the values of the market and the counsel of despair; on the other, the values of citizenship and the sense of possibilities.

But are we only dreaming? Jackson is leading a movement for reform, not a revolution, and he would occupy the presidency as a radical reformer atop an essentially liberal consensus with powerful—extremely powerful—conservative forces battering at the gates. Even in the best of situations, he does not have the means or power to hold the whole country in his hands. Washington's permanent government, which wakens all dreamers in the White House after their first night's sleep, would do its best to dash the fondest hopes of real reform.

The ability of the Chief Executive to act decisively remains immense, however: With a virtual stroke of the pen, Jackson could put an end to covert action, for example, or institute a nuclear test ban or restore diplomatic relations with Cuba. He could reinvigorate the Civil Rights Commission, feminize family policy departments and end discrimination against gays and lesbians in Federal employment. The change in the political center of gravity that would make possible his election, plus the powers of the presidency, the arrival of new leaders in Congress and the city halls and state legislatures would give Jackson important strength to withstand an inevitable counteroffensive by the military and intelligence communities, the private banks, corporations and multilateral financial institutions—even, perhaps, a recalcitrant Democratic Congress. It is impossible to foresee the final outcome of these conflicts. There would be wounding skirmishes and bloody battles, retreats and compromises, but all in the direction of the sweeping visions that inspirit the movement. The ideals set forth in this campaign are important in themselves, apart from their enactment in a land under a far-off Rainbow. They should stand as a new agenda for progressive America, a yardstick against which all others must be measured. For, after all, it is this set of values and the campaign that has formed around them that are of historic importance to America; they must outlast even the best leaders who espouse them. The campaign contains the dream, which will not die with defeat or delay. It already has strongly influenced the other Democratic candidates, who have appropriated not only the themes but in many cases the images and the words Jackson has long been using. If winning the presidency isn't the only thing valuable about this interminable campaign, Jackson has already won something: He has set the tone and the terms of debate beyond anyone's predictions.

Jackson has neither diluted his principles nor altered his positions, even as representatives of the party elite offer him help and support with each new electoral success. When

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he consults with Bert Lance or Clark Clifford, he does so to seek what little protection they can provide in an increasingly furious campaign. Having failed, first, to get rid of Jackson by ignoring him, and then having failed to co-opt him as a good ol' boy of Democratic centrism, the political and corporate forces he threatens most have begun to bash him with unprecedented ferocity. "Wait until New York," one of his campaign workers said last week. "It's going to be a nuclear war."

Whatever happens in the big-state primaries still to come, Jackson cannot be counted the "front-runner" for the nomination, because the rich and powerful in the Democratic party fear not only his program but his prospects for election, and will do everything they can to stop him. Now that the euphoria of his Michigan landslide has been curtailed by three straight losses (Connecticut, Colorado and Wisconsin), the heat on him may abate. That old bugbear "electability" needs to be confronted head-on. By running and winning, Jackson has demonstrated that he is as electable as any candidate need be to get the nomination. The impetus and euphoria of his campaign in recent weeks lie in its ability, demonstrated repeatedly, to reach beyond the core that explicitly shares Jackson's ideological frame. There is evidence in the primaries of a broadening audience responding to the restoration of a politics that has profound roots in the American heartland; there is also a recognition that Jackson's candidacy does not emerge from nowhere but rather lies squarely within a tradition extending from the earliest part of nineteenth-century Democratic revivalism through Midwestern Populism, the labor wars, the New Deal and the civil rights movement.

At the end of the day, it may yet be that racism and conservatism, and Democratic defections, doom Jackson to defeat. There is that risk. There is always that risk, but both principle and a sudden, pragmatic sense of what may be possible dictate that the risk on this occasion is acceptable, not foolhardy. There are worse things in the world than losing. And anyway, moving closer to the Republicans in order to stave off a Democratic defeat yields not only a bad candidate but a low-energy campaign. The means to victory is in energizing the voters, offering real change and expanding and recapturing the party's base. In that respect, Jackson has already won more than anyone had hoped, and the longer and stronger his campaign continues, the more he can make over the political face of America.

Jackson is not the perfect candidate; many of us at this magazine see serious flaws in the man. The flamboyant manner, the flair for grandstand gestures and the evident temper and ego must all be calculated in any assessment of his candidacy. Questions remain about his past—his behavior in the aftermath of the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., his careless financial management of the PUSH operation in Chicago and the provenance of some of its funding (which might eventually be raised against him). Nor has the intensely emotional issue of Jackson's relations with American Jews been resolved. Despite several heartfelt apologies—including one on the rostrum of the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco—he has not won the forgiveness of the organized Jewish community and many individuals for his insensitive "Hymietown" remark or his embrace of Farrakhan in 1984. Many Jews also fear his support for Palestinian self-determination and his willingness to talk to their chosen representative, the Palestine Liberation Organization. The first were serious errors, but the last is a matter of principle for Jackson, and he has no reason to apologize for it. Indeed, the mainstream of American politics—George Shultz, Jimmy Carter, even Richard Nixon—has caught up with his courageous recognition that the Palestinians must be dealt with directly. He may have had vestigial attitudes of prejudice that are rooted in American culture, but they are unlike the virulent racism that characterizes the present Administration in Washington, and he seeks to transcend them.

Jackson's roots in the rural, religious South and his distance from the development of contemporary movements of sexual liberation and personal autonomy also pose problems which must be overcome. He has made stopping drug use and teen-age pregnancy central issues in his campaign—for very good reasons—and he has never associated himself with a strong feminist position on abortion, for not so good ones. Too often Jackson's attacks on social evils sound moralistic and condemnatory, suggesting the preacher's sermon rather than the radical reformer's demands. But only candidate Jackson marched with lesbians and gays in Washington last October. He asks for women to become an institutionalized segment of the Rainbow, and he consistently looks at the economic basis of women's oppression.

On balance, we believe the importance of a black candidacy for President and a progressive movement for change in America overshadows any deficiencies in Jackson's résumé and the faults in his campaign. Racism may be as American as cherry pie, but it is a poisonous portion that fouls every dream and deforms every vision. It might have been that a candidate from the racial majority would lead a campaign to defeat racism, but that did not happen. History has come up with another and more fitting scenario: A candidate from the most oppressed minority will organize a national coalition to accomplish that end. In March, Texas Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower brought Jesse Jackson into the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol for his endorsement announcement. At the time, Hightower was the only white, elected state official in America publicly to support the black candidate. Under a portrait of Jefferson Davis, flanked by full-length paintings of Lyndon Johnson and Barbara Jordan, Hightower read a short speech that caught the historic meaning—and illustrated the essential ironies—of this extraordinary year.

"Frankly, it had not occurred to most populist leaders like me that our movement might become black-led, reaching out to whites," Hightower drawled, "but there it is." He added, "I would not escape the inner voice of integrity saying that the Rev. Jesse Jackson was forcefully, proudly and successfully carrying the populist program that I espouse."

For us at *The Nation*, too, the Jackson campaign now embodies what we believe is necessary and just for America, and we are proud to stand with it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

*Istanbul*

The best and most courageous newspaper in this city is called *Cumhuriyet*, which means "Republic." In a 1986 report on political rights in Turkey, cited by Helsinki Watch, astounded readers learned That a book of Plato's with an oddly similar name had been banned by the military authorities. Nor was that all. The works of Maxim Gorky are banned, the writings of Henry Miller are banned, and there is a state paper mill where undesirable books and publications are sent to be pulped. According to *Cumhuriyet*:

> Among the pulped publications were Penguin's *Map of the World* and *Map of Europe*, *National Geographic Atlas of the World*, the Turkish edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and *Nouveau Petit Larousse Illustré*. All of them have been declared "means of separatist propaganda" by Turkish authorities for containing articles or maps related to the history of the Armenians or the Kurds.

This systematic chauvinism and repression is state policy in a country that is the third-largest recipient of U.S. military aid. As a result there is a certain American tendency to remain adequately uninformed of the situation. A priceless report from United Press International quotes the librarian at the U.S. Embassy in Ankara as saying: "We have never had a problem here. But, then, we simply don't order any book that deals with such sensitive subjects as the Armenians or Kurds." This lapidary comment could find a place in any anthology of the foreign policy and diplomatic insights of the Reagan era.

A notorious German-Jewish internationalist of the last century once remarked laconically that a nation that oppresses another nation will not itself be free. It's therefore no surprise to find that the Turks themselves are denied certain basic political liberties. At a reception here I happened to meet the same couple whose persecution by the authorities became the subject of discussion between Arthur Miller and the American Ambassador three years ago [see Miller, "Dinner With the Ambassador," *The Nation*, May 18, 1985]. Their situation, along with that of many others involved in the Turkish Peace Association and similar organizations, remains grim. I must follow Miller's practice of concealing the names of sources in giving you this account of the fate of the T.P.A.

The group was founded by the Istanbul Bar Association in 1977, with the objective of promoting nuclear disarmament and compliance with the Helsinki accords. Its membership was almost oppressively respectable and included the former head of the Turkish Medical Association, the former general secretary of the Turkish Writers Union, the wife of the former mayor of Istanbul and numerous eminent diplomats, parliamentarians and academics. Almost one year ago, after a parody of a trial, the T.P.A. was banned and its property confiscated because it was found to be, despite having had a legal existence before the 1980 coup,

> an illegal society with the purpose of establishing the domination of a social class over other social classes or exterminating a certain social class or overthrowing any of the established basic economic or social orders of the country.

If this seems peculiar legal language for an American client state and member of NATO, remember that the Turkish penal code is modeled on the one promulgated by Mussolini for Italy. Without seeming to defer too much to the writings of a notorious German-Jewish internationalist of the last century, I might add that it has never been employed to restrain the ruling or (careful now) capitalist class. Dogged implementation of clauses 140 through 144 has, however, been used in the past few years to rob Turkey of all but a semblance of independent trade unions, political parties, newspapers or pressure groups. The cudgel is wielded most fiercely if any of those forces dare to raise the issue of Turkey's national minorities. And one of the T.P.A. defendants told me privately that his group started to become really unpopular in high places when it criticized the outrageous Turkish military occupation of Cyprus.

What with one thing and another, the Turkish government has not got around to signing the United Nations convention against torture. It is becoming easier and easier to see why. I had a number of conversations with reliable and courageous people who gave accounts of experiences that are (slightly) better imagined than described. This testimony is by no means unsupported. Helsinki Watch, in a carefully documented report that errs on the side of understatement, refers to Diyarbakir Prison in eastern Turkey as "one of the worst prisons in the world." It fails to add, in its survey of cruelty and murder, that the prison is practically adjacent to a U.S. Air Force base.

In recounting his dinner with the Ambassador, Arthur Miller reported the latter as saying, with the usual self-regard of a Reagan envoy, that the political disagreement among his guests that evening was wonderful in itself: "Imagine this happening in a Communist country!" So, it was instructive to see the Turkish official coverage of the events in neighboring Soviet Armenia. There were incessant calls for Moscow to stand firm, not to give an inch to the benighted and devious nationalists. This in a country where the Communist Party is illegal and where the discussion of class and national conflict is prohibited. It would be most interesting to hear, from the Reaganites, how they feel about the unanimity of opinion between the Kremlin and their closest military ally in Europe.

When the Turkish Army took power in 1980, it employed the pretext of evenhandedness and proclaimed that it would put an impartial end to the "extremists of left and right." The Western liberals who fell for that propaganda have no further excuse not to know the truth. The military turned out to be blind in the right eye. It has given a plenary indulgence to the chauvinists and the Islamic extremists, while trying to extinguish even the tentative expression of radical dissent. This double, or perhaps single, standard explains why it is such a rewarded protégé of the Administration that came to power in the same year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ARTICLES.

LETTER FROM EUROPE

# The Mitterrand-Chirac-Barre Show

DANIEL SINGER

*It is the logic of our times*
*No subject for immortal verse*
*That we who lived by honest dreams*
*Defend the bad against the worse.*
*—Cecil Day Lewis*

Most French voters, judging by opinion polls, are bored with the current presidential campaign. No wonder. Twenty years ago, in May 1968, when imagination was supposedly poised to seize power, some of them had rediscovered hope. Seven years ago, in May 1981, the left had victory thrust upon it when François Mitterrand defeated Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and many people assumed that, after twenty-three years of conservative rule, a new era would begin. Now nobody has such illusions. Whoever wins the May 8 election—Mitterrand, the incumbent and favorite, or one of his two conservative challengers, the pushy Jacques Chirac or the smug Raymond Barre—there will be no political earthquake. This does not mean that the result is irrelevant. It does matter, for the future of the right, which of the two challengers wins the April 24 primary and, for the future of the country, who wins the runoff. But it matters no more than when similar elections determine who will be the German chancellor or the British prime minister. What is at stake is the person and the party, not the nature of the regime or the fate of the social order.

The way in which France is following in America's footsteps is shown by the growing importance of money and media. True, France has not yet reached the stage of allowing political advertising on television; when the candidates appear on the small screen during the official campaign period, access is controlled, equal and free. Even so, the advertising expenditure is tremendous. Chirac, Mitterrand and Barre stare out from posters throughout the country. The government record is extolled in pages of advertising in both the Parisian and provincial press. Add to that the booking of halls, the bills of pop singers, the fees for pollsters and P.R. people, and it is estimated that Chirac, the biggest spender, has probably already exceeded the permitted ceiling of about $20 million. (Yet who will really check the cut-price deals, the phony bills and other tricks of the trade?) It is at Chirac's meetings that the new pattern is most striking. As in a chat show, the star performer answers questions from a panel, his image projected onto a big screen for all to see. In the make-believe world of political show-biz, life must imitate television.

Another feature of the campaign is the disappearance of genuine ideological debate. Worried by Mitterrand's advance in the opinion polls, Chirac has tried to rally his side by reviving the specter of the "Red peril." But his attempt to depict a battle between free-trading white knights and collectivist Red villains fell completely flat. The left, after all, did spend five years in office, 1981-86, during which time the very word "socialism" nearly vanished from the Socialist vocabulary. Today nobody buys the image of Mitterrand as a Kerensky paving the way for the Bolsheviks. With the ideological divide blurred, the election is increasingly presented as a clash of personalities: three main contenders in search of the presidential crown.

François Mitterrand, who will be 72 in October, is clearly the top performer, and one who has played many parts. During the first twelve postwar years he was a permanent player in the ministerial game of musical chairs of the Fourth Republic. Then, in 1958, when General de Gaulle returned to power, the tactician became a strategist: Mitterrand decided not to get back into office, except as leader of the united left, with the Communist Party as a junior partner. This eventually meant spending twenty-three years in the political wilderness. When Mitterrand's ambition was finally fulfilled, in 1981, his electoral victory coincided with an ebb of militancy and the ideological defeat of the left. The tools of Keynesianism proved inadequate to confront the economic crisis, and within a year of taking power the French left was bankrupt. Within two it had forgotten its promises and principles. It was then that Mitterrand the failed strategist revealed himself, once again, to be a master tactician. If you can't beat them, join them. Since he could not enter history as a Socialist reformer, he would do so as a consolidator of capitalism, the man who brought the French left into the system by destroying—at least for a time—its belief in a radical alternative.

Broken promises and betrayals led to an inevitable slump in the popularity of the President, and of the left as a whole. The right, crushed in the parliamentary voting of 1981, took its revenge five years later. If Mitterrand's stock is now high once again, it is partly due to the sense of resignation among his own supporters and partly to the blunders of his opponents. In the past two years, as a lame-duck President facing a hostile parliamentary Assembly, he confirmed his resilience and political skills. Acting as a sort of constitutional monarch, with real prerogatives only in defense and foreign policy, he allowed the Chirac government to run the country and take the full blame for the consequences.

This "cohabitation" was only possible because the governments that Mitterrand had headed had already poured so much water into their rosé. Thus, Mitterrand could preside over Chirac's sweeping program of privatization because he

---

*Daniel Singer is* The Nation*'s correspondent in Europe. His new book,* Is Socialism Doomed? The Meaning of Mitterrand, *will be published this month by Oxford University Press.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had abandoned any commitment to a policy of nationalization. The avuncular Mitterrand would occasionally plead with Chirac's ministers to be reasonable, hinting that the best way to preserve capitalism was not to hand money openly to the rich through changes in taxation. But the President presented no alternative policy of his own. The reborn star is not the same performer. Seven years ago Mitterrand seemed to stand for some sort of change. Today he is the reasonable spokesman for capitalist consensus.

Mitterrand's own standing in the polls shows how far he has helped to shift the mood of the French. In the first ballot, where an absolute majority is required for election, he is expected to get more than 35 percent of the vote. He is not only well ahead of all the other contenders but is also the almost undisputed champion of the left. The official Communist challenger, André Lajoinie, is no longer a serious rival. Lajoinie, the leader of the Communist parliamentary group, is an earthy, solid, though uncharismatic figure. The party's real leader, however, is its first secretary and chief gravedigger, Georges Marchais, who stood down this time for the simple reason that he had no desire to shoulder the full blame for the result. For a party that proved twenty years ago that it had chosen the electoral road, the track record is eloquent. Seven years ago, when Marchais got 15.4 percent of the vote, it was greeted as a disaster. Today, Lajoinie would be happy with half that percentage.

Admittedly, this time Lajoinie faces competition from an independent Communist, Pierre Juquin. But Juquin shows no sign of taking off. An effective speaker who trained as a teacher of German, Juquin has spent most of his adult life in the service of the C.P., much of that time as Marchais's favorite and the party's official spokesman. When he made his first television appearance as an independent candidate, most of the questions were concerned with his past record, not his future plans: How could he reconcile his libertarian feelings, his respect for movement from below, his sympathy for Poland's Solidarity movement, with his functions in the C.P.? Juquin made no attempt to deny his errors and answered with dignity. Whether on the nuclear issue, women's liberation or rights for immigrant workers, his program is much bolder than that of his left-wing rivals. Yet Juquin suffers from several handicaps. Some New Leftists will not vote for him because of his past; many more, in the present mood of disenchantment, will opt for Mitterrand for pragmatic reasons. Finally, in an election where money and the media count for so much, a man without funds and without a party apparatus can hardly get a hearing. Juquin will do well if he exceeds 3 percent of the vote.

A mathematically minded reader may raise a serious objection at this point. Even if you include Arlette Laguiller, leader of the Trotskyist group Lutte Ouvrière and a presidential candidate for the third time, the total vote for the left does not add up to 50 percent (the price still being paid for its five years in office). Why, then, is Mitterrand the favorite? Because the left is expected to show better "republican discipline"; that is, a massive transfer of its votes to the remaining leftist candidate in the second round. Mitterrand, incidentally, was so sure of qualifying that he delayed announcing his candidacy until March 22, just a few days before the legal deadline, and ran the first phase of his non-campaign in lordly fashion as the man above the fray. Chirac and Barre could not afford such luxuries. From the start, theirs has been a bloody battle for political survival, which is bound to leave deep wounds and result in a less disciplined transfer of votes in the second round of balloting.

Jacques Chirac, favored by the pollsters in his rivalry with Barre, may best be described in the words of George Bernard Shaw's Mrs. Warren as "a devotee of the gospel of getting on." Tall and handsome, his chin thrust forward, Chirac is half dashing cavalry officer and half crafty Tammany Hall pol. He is a Gaullist of Pompidou vintage, of the horse-trader rather than the Resistance-hero variety, and is particularly skilled at stabbing close allies in the back.

At 55, Chirac is the youngest of the serious contenders. A product of the French hothouse for civil servants, the National School of Administration, he loved his war years in Algeria so much that he toyed with the idea of a military career. Back in Paris, he joined the staff of then-Prime Minister Georges Pompidou, the only man to whom Chirac was sincerely devoted. The affection was mutual and Pompidou promoted his young protégé first to be Under Secretary of the Treasury, then to be Minister of Agriculture. The keen climber managed to hand over so much in subsidies to his Corrèze constituency in Central France that it became a virtual fiefdom, and he featherbedded French farmers to such a degree that he remains their favorite.

But when Pompidou died, in 1974, Chirac had not yet been fully groomed for the succession. Thinking of his own future, he promptly ditched his party's presidential candidate, fellow Gaullist Jacques Chaban-Delmas, for his conservative rival Giscard d'Estaing. His reward was the

DRAWINGS BY BETSY SCHELD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

premiership. There was, however, a misunderstanding between the two men. Giscard wanted to use Chirac to quash the Gaullists and assert his own supremacy. Chirac wished to consolidate the party as an instrument for his own promotion. After two years the pair parted company. Chirac used his next five years out of office profitably, strengthening his hold on the neo-Gaullist Rally of the French People, or R.P.F. He also conquered the town hall of Paris, a very useful base for power and patronage. In the presidential poll of 1981 he settled his account, backing Giscard "as the rope supports the hanged man."

With Giscard out of the way, Raymond Barre took his place. Chirac had the strongest party on the right, though not the highest popularity ratings. This is why in 1986, when the right won the parliamentary elections and could have forced Mitterrand to a confrontation, Chirac chose compromise and cohabitation instead; it gave him time to recover. He cannot be accused of sticking to principles that get in the way of his career. Classic Gaullism had stood for a strong state, nationalism and the struggle against U.S. hegemony. But in the past two years as Prime Minister, the neo-Gaullist Chirac has preached the doctrines of Milton Friedman and proclaimed his intention of privatizing even firms that had been nationalized by the General. He also discovered a passion for European integration and American leadership of the Atlantic alliance. To Chirac's versatility one must add his great capacity for promising the moon *and* sixpence. (The most recent example of this was his pledge to stage the 1994 World Cup soccer championship in France, although the site will not be settled on for some time and will, in any case, be chosen by an international body.) More serious is Chirac's propensity for packing the administration, privatized industry and the media with his own people, and the presence around him of shady characters, beginning with Charles Pasqua, his Fernandel lookalike Minister of the Interior. You might buy a second-hand car from a handsome salesman like Chirac. But is that reason to entrust the man with the fate of the Republic?

Can Barre, a perpetual political virgin, match this ruthless operator? Although Raymond Barre has spent nearly half his 64 years in active politics, he is still being described, curiously, as a decent professor fallen among politicians. Barre, who was born on the remote French island of Reunion, in the Indian Ocean, may indeed have felt quite fulfilled as a professor of economics. And it is true that he did stumble into political life accidentally, in 1959, when he was appointed chief of staff by an older academic colleague who had just been named Minister of Industry on de Gaulle's return to power. During his four years in that post Barre demonstrated his ability, drive and determination. He never looked back.

Barre spent the next five years in Brussels as vice president of the European Commission and strengthened his international ties further by joining that International of the haves, the Trilateral Commission. Back in Paris, he served briefly under Chirac, and in 1976 took over as Prime Minister. There followed five years of economic austerity and fast-rising unemployment. It was not quite Thatcherism, since President Giscard d'Estaing feared the left and the coming elections. What made Barre particularly unbearable was his manner. Queen Marie Antoinette had told the poor to eat *brioches*; Premier Barre told the unemployed to set up their own firms, in a self-righteous falsetto that exuded smugness. By 1980 he was one of the most unpopular Premiers France had ever known.

Four years later he had become the darling of the right and a favorite in the opinion polls. The Socialists were the architects of this spectacular recovery. The left, after its failure, switched to a policy of austerity that could hardly be distinguished from that of its opponents. Barre was hailed retrospectively as a man of truth, science and wisdom. The snag was that his party machine was no match for Chirac's. The Union for French Democracy, or U.D.F., was a loose coalition of groups stretching from Christian reformers to downright reactionaries, and Barre was not even its leader. Yet, enjoying high ratings in the polls, he called for an immediate presidential election in 1986 and stayed out of government. Now, Barre is in a quandary. Many of his U.D.F. colleagues were in that government, which makes it difficult for him to attack it; yet, trailing behind Chirac in the polls, he is bound to do so. The longer this tension lasts, the better for Mitterrand.

To make the situation even worse, there is the ultra-rightist candidacy of Jean-Marie Le Pen. Once the plague has spread, it is not easy to get rid of. Le Pen's Freudian slip last September, when he described the Holocaust as "a detail" of World War II, may have affected his reputation but not the size of his vote, which is still hovering above 10 percent in the polls. The nature of that vote has somewhat altered. In Paris, for example, it has partly shifted from posh to working-class districts. In the second ballot, when only one champion of the left and one of the right remain to fight it out, the Le Pen vote is expected to split, with half going to the right, a quarter abstaining and another quarter opting for Mitterrand. The real danger is not a mass epidemic but the slow spread of the poison as right-wing contenders try to woo voters who favor Le Pen. The other day, in Marseilles, a city with a large immigrant population, Chirac proclaimed that, while he himself was naturally allergic to racism, he could "understand" it. What is that French saying? *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*

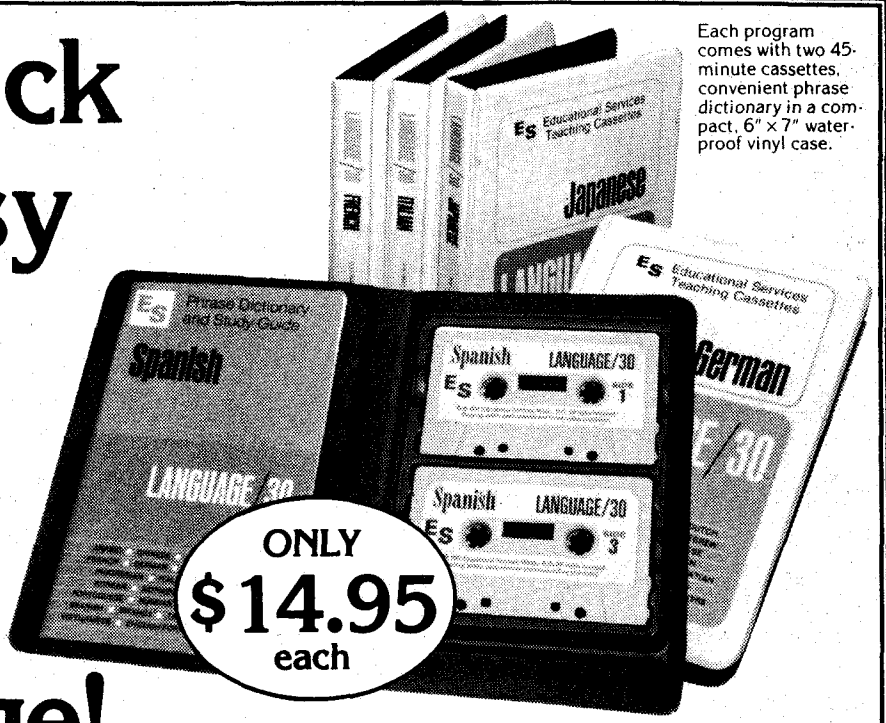
This, then, is the situation as the first ballot approaches. Mitterrand has donned the mantle of unifier and is already pondering with whom he will govern if re-elected. If Chirac is defeated in the second round he will try to swallow his partners afterward to form a single big conservative party. Barre is fighting for his political survival. Gone are the hopes of 1968 or the illusions of seven years ago. Hence this uninspiring report, which reads more like an electoral laundry list than immortal verse. But this, I hope only for a spell, is the logic of our times. □

**THE NATION PUBLISHING INTERNSHIPS**

*The Nation* offers a comprehensive intern program for students and recent college graduates interested in magazine journalism and publishing. Write: The Nation Internship Program, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The quick and easy way to learn a foreign language!




Each program comes with two 45-minute cassettes, convenient phrase dictionary in a compact, 6" x 7" waterproof vinyl case.

## Based on the U.S. Military "Speed-up" Method of Language Learning

### Programmed for Rapid Learning!

It's been scientifically proven that we remember words we *hear* better than words we see. That's why you'll find the two audiocassettes in each Language / 30 package more useful than all the language books money can buy. Just start listening to the tapes, repeat the foreign phrases a few times and, believe it or not, you'll begin speaking like a native. It's that simple!

Remember, Language / 30 is a learning tool that *works*. It incorporates the "speed-up" method of language learning—the same method used to train U.S. government personnel who work overseas.

With Language/30, you can practice your target language anytime, anywhere. You won't have to set aside hours just for language study. You can listen to Language / 30 while you're getting dressed, eating, driving to work, or even jogging. Whether you're studying French, Russian, Swahili, or any of the other 27 languages listed below, you'll improve your speaking fluency and listening comprehension *each time* you play the Language/30 tapes.

### Speak with the Ease of a Native

Each Language/30 program features native voices speaking the most important and commonly used *conversational phrases. You'll learn all the words you* need to know for greetings, introductions, requests, and general conversations in hotels, restaurants, stores, theaters, and other places. And world-renowned linguist Charles Berlitz, explains the social *customs and etiquette of the country.*

So, whether you're going abroad for a short trip or an extended stay, you'll find that the fluency you've gained from Language/30 will make your visit easier, more pleasant, and more enriching. Instead of being a "stranger in a strange land," you'll be able to converse freely with the natives in their own language.

### Which of these 30 languages would you like to speak?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **1232628.** Arabic | **1429232.** Irish | **1232800.** Spanish |
| **1232636.** Chinese | **1232727.** Italian | **1232818.** Swahili |
| **1232644.** Danish | **1232735.** Japanese | **1232826.** Swedish |
| **1232651.** Dutch | **1232743.** Korean | **1232834.** Tagalog (Filipino) |
| **1366665.** Finnish | **1429224.** Latin | |
| **1232669.** French | **1232750.** Norwegian | **1363316.** Thai |
| **1232677.** German | **1232768.** Persian | **1232842.** Turkish |
| **1232685.** Greek | **1300375.** Polish | **1232859.** Vietnamese |
| **1232693.** Hebrew | **1232776.** Portuguese | **1232867.** English for Spanish Speakers. |
| **1232701.** Hindi | **1232784.** Russian | |
| **1232719.** Indonesian | **1232792.** Serbo-Croatian | |

**ONE YEAR CASSETTE WARRANTY** Educational Services, Washington, D.C. warrants the cassettes of each LANGUAGE/30 course free of defects in materials and/or workmanship for a period of 12 months from date of purchase and agrees to repair or replace any defective cassette at no charge.

**GUARANTEE** If for any reason your are not completely satisfied with your purchase, return it to us for a full refund.

## Barnes & Noble

***Booksellers Since 1873***

DEPT T 539, 126 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

| Item # | Qty | Price | Ship & Ins.ea | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | $1.00 | |
| | | | $1.00 | |
| | | | $1.00 | |
| | | | Subtotal | |
| | | | For deliveries to MA, PA, NY, NJ and MN: please add applicable sales tax. | |
| | | | Total | |

**METHOD OF PAYMENT**

☐ Check or Money Order Enclosed

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ ☐

CREDIT CARD NUMBER _____ EXP. DATE _____ MO. YR.

SIGNATURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ APT. #

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOMELESS MOVEMENT

# After Charity, Start Organizing

BRAD KESSLER

On a cold Sunday before Christmas last year, as a thin drizzle fell over Fifth Avenue in New York City, several thousand homeless people and their supporters gathered under the glass towers of midtown. They went into the streets that rainy December afternoon to protest against homelessness and the policies that create it, and to vent a collective rage at officials whose response to homelessness in their city has been, at best, inadequate. It was the largest protest of its kind held since the Great Depression. In Manhattan, where everything tends toward the dramatic, the demonstration was no exception: Mayor Edward Koch was burned in effigy, midtown traffic froze to a standstill and marchers swept past the Plaza Hotel, past the bronze statue of the goddess Abundance, the Bergdorf Goodman department store at Yuletide peak, the Trump Tower—the places, in short, of commercial power. But the scenes of protest were not limited to New York City. The following day, in Philadelphia, bands of homeless people burned candles at the Liberty Bell; in Tucson, Arizona, a tent city was erected in front of City Hall. In other urban centers, from Albuquerque to Oakland, from Boston to Baltimore, marches were mobilized, boarded-up buildings were broken into and acts of disobedience barely big enough to make it into the newspapers the next day were staged.

The demonstrations in December and the one in February in Atlanta, where more than 10,000 people protested against homelessness, are only the latest signs of a movement in the making. Part of the new militancy has to do with the sheer number of homeless Americans. According to the National Coalition for the Homeless, the largest advocacy group, there are 3 million people nationwide who have no place to live. They are poor people who were squeezed out of apartments because of rent increases or redevelopment, because they couldn't find affordable shelter after Federal funds for low-income housing were slashed by 75 percent between 1981 and 1987; they are the human fallout of Federal cuts in food stamps, Aid to Families with Dependent Children and welfare programs; they are also Vietnam veterans, the deinstitutionalized mentally ill, alcoholics, the elderly and the disabled. Increasingly, single mothers with children and members of the middle class—people, as the media put it, "like you and me"—are being haunted by the specter of homelessness.

"We are on the verge of winning the hearts and minds of the public," Robert Hayes, counsel to the National Coalition for the Homeless, likes to say. Hayes's optimism—if one can be optimistic about the subject—may be reflected in a recent poll conducted by the Campaign to End Hunger and Homelessness, which found that homelessness is the most important issue, after the deficit, concerning Americans. What are the contours, then, of the movement coalescing around the homeless "issue"?

Homeless advocacy groups began forming as early as the mid-1970s, when unprecedented numbers of people started sleeping on streets and in parks across the country. The institutions that once catered to the marginalized and destitute—flophouses, skid rows, hash houses and hobo centers—had all but disappeared, displaced by downtown gentrification. Homelessness in the late 1970s spawned an entirely new network of soup kitchens and shelters. The number of Main Street drop-in centers grew exponentially with Ronald Reagan's budgetary imperatives. The shelters, the soup kitchens and the early advocacy groups were the first helpful response to the problem—a response that had more to do with crisis intervention and charity than with any demand for change.

The grass-roots groups that have sprung up in response to homelessness in the past few years are cut from a different cloth. They are not charity organizations helping "the needy"; instead, they span a wide spectrum of political outlook and purpose and include housing campaigns, tenants' rights organizations, block associations, legal advocacy groups, service providers, civil rights groups and squatters. Their collective demand, simply put, is housing. As a first step, activists want Federal funds for low-income housing restored to pre-1981 levels. To make up for the deficit in affordable housing, they demand that 3 million units be built or made available before things get worse.

But homelessness—and the homeless movement—is not only about housing. It is, according to activists, about jobs, health care, education and equal rights. What starts off as a simple impulse to help the homeless ends up being, for many people, a journey into a more radical landscape. "You can not hand out sandwiches day after day to an increasing number of homeless and hungry people and believe the solution lies in simply putting up more shelters or building a handful of low-income houses," says Keith Summa, an organizer for the Coalition for the Homeless. Indeed, one can read in the lexicon of the homeless—in the talk of shelters, soup kitchens, S.R.O.s—and in the streetbound bodies of the homeless themselves all the corruptions of postmodern capitalism.

Until a few years ago the Coalition for the Homeless and other advocacy groups, whose members tend to be white, middle-class and professional, did most of the speaking on behalf of the homeless. But lately the homeless themselves have begun to organize in impressive ways. They are finding a collective voice that challenges not only local and Federal agencies but also, at times, their own advocates as well. "There is a stick of dynamite burning under every shelter and every welfare hotel in this country," explains Chris Sprowal, president and founder of the National Union of the Homeless, "and it's just waiting to explode."

*Brad Kessler is a writer living in New York City.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If there is anybody intent on igniting that dynamite, it is Sprowal, a former shrimp retailer who lost his home when his business went bust five years ago. Tall, black and articulate, Sprowal cuts an impressive figure. After creating Dignity Shelter in Philadelphia, run by and for the homeless, he took to the road. Since 1985 he has been crossing the continent in a Ford station wagon, organizing in shelters and soup kitchens along railway sidings and back streets, culling from the 3 million homeless Americans a militant band of the dispossessed.

The Union of the Homeless claims some 20,000 members. It has a national headquarters in Philadelphia, elected local leaders, a constitution and fifteen locals in as many cities. It runs an eight-week leadership program, has organizing committees and collects union dues—waivable—of $1 per month. Unlike a labor union, this union has little leverage other than open protest. To be a member means scarcely more than promising to participate in civil disobedience.

What began for the union as a fight for improvements in shelters has blossomed recently into a full-fledged campaign for decent housing and jobs. In Philadelphia three years ago union members occupied the local Board of Elections office and demanded the right to use a shelter address in registering to vote—a right they later won in *Committee for Dignity and Fairness for the Homeless v. Tartaglione.* In Oakland last year members broke into boarded-up Victorian houses that were part of a bankrupt city redevelopment project in order to demonstrate the misuse of city funds. In Detroit in January the union local (along with a United Automobile Workers local and other supporters) took over a vacant public housing project that was scheduled for demolition. Detroit housing authorities subsequently decided to save 200 units, which otherwise would have been leveled, and make them available to homeless people. And in Chicago earlier this year members seized control of empty apartments in a public housing project. If the Union of the Homeless has had any success, it is in these small, local campaigns and in their ability to capture local media attention.

The union is based on the idea that "the victims must set their own agenda," Sprowal explains. "We have to empower ourselves, because nobody else is going to." Some of the more reformist advocates say Sprowal's rhetoric alienates potential sympathizers of the cause. But Sprowal wants to take the homeless movement to a more radical and militant plane, where change, not reform, is the key word. "There isn't, and never was, any piece of the pie for us," Sprowal likes to tell his audiences, "We won't settle anymore for just the crumbs. We're talking about a whole restructuring of society."

Organizing homeless people is one of the harder tasks for activists. It is difficult to cut through the suspicion and cynicism found on the streets and also the endemic problems of drugs, alcohol, depression and mental illness. Homeless people generally do not congregate in one place, and when they do, it is in shelters and welfare hotels, where organizers of any kind are less than welcome. In 1986, when Alfredo Gonzalez, a New York City squatter, tried to organize in the Franklin Avenue men's shelter in the Bronx, he was severely beaten and his life was threatened by shelter guards. He was beaten again (and given a broken leg) when he finally assembled a leadership group; its members were split up by shelter officials and sent to separate city facilities. One hears, repeatedly, stories of harassment and repression against those who speak out in shelters. In the New York City welfare hotels, it is astonishing that groups get formed at all, given what one welfare hotel organizer calls a climate of "terror and uncertainty."

Despite the organizing done by homeless people themselves, the advocates who work in behalf of them, like the Coalition for the Homeless, still wield much of the power behind the movement. The coalition is a nationwide confederation of individuals and agencies, with a board of directors from more than forty states. It has filed some of the major litigation on behalf of the homeless, has lobbied Congress and helped draw up the Urgent Relief to the Homeless Act, which appropriated $355 million in 1987 in aid to communities for emergency shelter, food and housing. The coalition has become the de facto voice of the homeless, and its counsel, Robert Hayes, a former Wall Street attorney, has become something of the media darling of the movement.

But the coalition has incurred the wrath of many homeless activists by demanding that more shelters be built—shelters that not even the homeless want to live in. They are the almshouses of the 1980s—dangerous, dehumanizing and degrading. In New York City on any given night, more than half the homeless population stays away from the city's shelters, preferring to pass the night on a subway platform, a park bench or a sidewalk vent. But the coalition has been fighting for more shelters and recently won a court battle against the Department of Defense, requiring it to open

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abandoned military installations for use as shelters. To dwell on the shelter issue, many activists feel, is to deflect funds and public attention away from the real need—housing—and onto the temporary solution, the quick fix. The coalition has, arguably, done just that.

By the year 2003, nearly 19 million Americans may be homeless, according to a recent study by the Congressionally mandated Neighborhood Reinvestment Corporation and undertaken by Phillip Clay, an associate professor of urban studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. (Clay projects that the total number of low-rent housing units will fall 27 percent by 2003, to 9.4 million, due to gentrification, physical deterioration of some housing stock, the disappearance of nearly 1 million federally supported low-income housing units due to refinancing, and the removal of tax shelters for rental-housing builders under the 1986 tax reforms. At the same time, he anticipates that, given current poverty rates, the number of households in need will climb from 11.9 million to 17.2 million.) Some housing experts think these estimates are too conservative. But whatever the numbers, the implications are clear: Homelessness will swell, and with it, the homeless movement will inevitably grow. For now, activists and advocates agree, finding housing for those without it is their top priority. "We are still crawling around in the desert," says homeless activist Mitch Snyder. "The promised land is a long way off." □

CASSETTE TAPES AVAILABLE

A CONVERSATION WITH I.F. STONE AT 80

Tapes of this unique Nation Institute/New School event are now available. Each two-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Stone Tapes," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, OH 43305

Please allow 4–6 weeks for processing.

QUESTIONS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the address to the left, or call:

(614) 383-3141

8:00 am to 4:30 pm EST

*GRACIAS A LA VIDA*

# Some Things Death Can't Kill

EDUARDO GALEANO

*Eduardo Galeano was recently invited to Chile to receive the José Carrasco Tapia Prize, named after a journalist murdered in 1986 by the dictatorship of Gen. Augusto Pinochet, and spoke these words at the presentation ceremony in Santiago. Asked via telephone to explain how it was possible for him to receive such an award in today's Chile, Galeano replied from Montevideo to translator Cedric Belfrage: "I don't know how it could happen, but it happened."*

Last September in Peru, a fortuneteller read my future. She told me, "Within a month you will receive a distinction." I laughed. I laughed at the word "distinction," which has something comic about it, and because it brought to mind an old acquaintance who was stupid but on target and who used to say, admonishing me with his finger, "Sooner or later writers turn into hamburgers."

So I laughed at the fortuneteller's prophecy, and my laugh made her laugh. Exactly one month later, I received a telegram in Montevideo. It said that in Chile I had been awarded a distinction. (The telegram, like the fortuneteller, said "distinction.") It was the José Carrasco Tapia Prize. I jumped for joy—joy undarkened by any shadow of doubt, because no prize bearing that name can be a reward for repentants, for the tamed, for the yea-sayers. Nor did the smallest doubt about the nature of the prize darken my joy. I knew, I know, I wasn't being invited to a funeral ceremony.

We live in a world that treats the dead better than the living. We, the living, are askers of questions and givers of answers, and we have other grave defects unpardonable by a system that believes death, like money, improves people.

Nothing of that sort: This is an homage to the passion for life, illuminated by the living memory of a murdered *compañero*, and this is a celebration of the joy of believing in certain things that death cannot kill.

The "system," which wants us to be blind, wants us to be dumb, wants us to be deaf, doesn't help us to keep being born as we live. The system trains us to keep dying as we live and killing as we live: killing what is outside, because every neighbor is a competitor and possible enemy, and above all killing what is inside, killing the best that each of us has alive in himself.

---

*Eduardo Galeano is a Uruguayan writer. He is the author of* Open Veins of Latin America *and the trilogy* Memory of Fire, *whose third volume,* The Century of the Wind, *will be published in May by Pantheon. This speech, like the trilogy, was translated by Cedric Belfrage.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I was a kid, the priests scared me with the devil. Now I believe that the devil, that chief cook in hell, doesn't exist. But at the same time I have proof that the Devil of Fear does exist. The Devil of Fear disguises himself to deceive us. The deceiver offers cowardice as if it were prudence and betrayal as if it were realism. And we must realize that the great trickster operates quite successfully among us. Lining up before the Devil of Fear are those who would surrender freedom for security. Many of our laws carry his unmistakable signature. For example, the Argentine law that authorizes torture and killing, always provided it's done on superior orders. For example, the Uruguayan law that bids us to forget tortures and crimes, always provided they were committed by people in uniform. Those are two laws of the impunity of power. The impunity of power brings a general putrefaction of customs.

In a dictatorship or a democracy, dictocracy or democratorship, the Devil of Fear doesn't act alone. In Uruguay, at least, I almost always see him accompanied by a friend. He goes around with his partner, the Devil of Greed. This is another devil in disguise. The Devil of Greed commits his crimes in the name of God and with the blessing of the Holy Father, who sprinkles holy water on the profit motive, the practice of usury and the right to live off the labor of others.

The Devil of Greed tells us that if we sell our soul we'll prosper and end up like Hong Kong. He dictated the political economy that the military regime imposed on my country, which the civilian regime has carried on without much change. That political economy condemns workers to live like fakirs. Work isn't worth anything, the money won't stretch; you do twice the work for half the pay. What do our countries produce? Cheap labor. The reality is black humor:

"You have to tighten your belt."

"I can't. I ate it yesterday."

Furthermore, this political economy forces producers to become speculators. It's the day of the opportunist—to survive you must get smart. Society is divided into fuckers and fucked. It's not good business to work or to produce, creation is a crime. Dignity isn't quoted on the market. The society pages show swindlers arm in arm with hangmen. The day of the chameleon: No one has taught humanity as much as this humble creature.

The system, which does everything backward, encourages plagiarists and discourages creators, rewards the infamous and punishes those who say what they believe and believe in what they do. Roguery is raised to the level of economic doctrine and pompously rebaptized as "modernization." A friend remarked to me the other day that if we go on this way we'll have to replace the statue of our national hero, Gen. José Artigas, in Independence Plaza. Instead of Artigas, my friend said, we'll have to put up Lazarillo de Tormes.*

The recent flood of signatures by the Uruguayan people against the impunity law, which tells us to forget the military dictatorship's atrocities, implies a yearning for justice far

* The title character of an anonymous Spanish classic, a streetwise urchin whose name has become synonymous with "rogue."


RUSSIA

CENTRAL ASIA
14 DAYS–$2649
JUNE 26, JULY 10, AUGUST 28
MOSCOW, LENINGRAD, TASHKENT, SAMARKAND, BUKHARA

HERO CITIES
21 DAYS–$2529 TO $2729
APRIL THROUGH SEPTEMBER, 12 DEPARTURES
MOSCOW, LENINGRAD, KIEV, VOLGOGRAD, ODESSA

SIBERIA, MONGOLIA, TRANS-SIBERIAN RR
22 DAYS–$3499 TO $3799
MAY THROUGH OCTOBER
MOSCOW, KHABAROVSK, ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN R.R., IRKUTSK, ULAN BATOR, GOBI DESERT, ULAN BATOR, LENINGRAD

PROGRESSIVE WORLD TOURS DEPT. N
(305) 427-4779 PHONE OR WRITE
4003 ISLEWOOD DR. DEERFIELD BEACH, FL 33442
RUSSIA***CHINA***AROUND THE WORLD TRAVEL



SPRING READING FROM SOUTH END PRESS

Doña Licha's Island: Modern Colonialism in Puerto Rico
by Alfredo López

*Doña Licha's Island* covers the extermination of the native Taino people, the importation of slaves, the transfer of colonial power from Spain to the U.S., the statehood *vs.* independence debate, the repression of the *independentistas*, the labor and student movements, and the struggle against forced sterilizations. $9.00

A "well-written investigation."
—*Library Journal*

The Culture of Terrorism
by Noam Chomsky

In this indispensable companion volume to *Turning the Tide*, Chomsky dissects the Iran-Contra scandals, providing a scathing critique of political culture in the United States. $12.00

"Closely argued, heavily documented..." *The Culture of Terrorism* "will shake liberals and conservatives alike."
—*Publisher's Weekly*

Look for these titles in your local independent bookstore. Or send prepayment to South End Press, 300 Raritan Center Parkway, Edison, NJ 08818. Please include postage ($1.50 for the first book and 50 cents for each additional). Free Catalog available.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THINK TWICE BEFORE FILLING THIS OUT.

If you pick up *The Nation* now and then and have thoughts of subscribing, think it over carefully. Because a subscription may be more than you bargained for.

For one thing, it's apt to upset you on a regular basis. The facts can be hard to take. And I.F. Stone, Jefferson Morley and Stephen F. Cohen are interested in facts.

That's one reason our writers are some of the best around and they do their best writing for us.

There are other advantages to subscribing, too. Including writing on the arts of such clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should fill out the coupon after all.

Just don't say we didn't warn you.

**The Nation.**
**Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.**

**THE NATION, BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305**

YES! I THOUGHT TWICE AND I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a saving of a full 50 percent off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a full refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Double my saving. Send me a full year (47 issues) for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
☐ Please bill me later.

Foreign postage: add $4.50/24 issues, $9/one year.
Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D815


beyond rejection of that law. The signatures also, I think, express refusal of a whole way of life based on a self-centered conformity, an attitude of Who cares? What are you going to do about it? You stay out of this, and Every man for himself. The people have signed up against the visible terrorist crimes of the state but also against the invisible ones: to show that the national will to solidarity, the popular capacity to believe and to create and the dangerous and marvelous passion for liberty are alive—badly wounded, but alive.

Wasn't this also the fight of Pepe Carrasco? Isn't this, with allowance for distance of time and place, the fight of all Chileans who here are contesting the Devil of Greed and the Devil of Fear?

I am not a Chilean, but it's as if I were one. My favorite song is a Chilean song, a song of Violeta Parra's that gives *gracias a la vida*—thanks to life. That song moves my lips when I wander in the labyrinths of doubt or discouragement, and singing it puts me back on track. Singing it, I recover the desire to thank life, which has given me so much love of flight and so much hatred of cages.

This love and this hate form the two profiles of the same certainty, more powerful than doubt or discouragement. There are certainties like this that bump into me every time I get lost, and raise me up each time I fall. I owe them to people I care about. They were a gift from people I care about.

I'm not a Chilean but it's as if I were. One of my most invulnerable certainties is the certainty that it's worthwhile to die for things without which it's not worthwhile to live. And this faith I owe to a Chilean friend whose name was—is—Salvador Allende.

Today we have gathered to celebrate a certainty that upsets the bureaucrats and the generals. Technocrats can't decipher it, merchants can't buy it, the police can't police it. Recently, at the end of a conference, I tried to define this certainty with these words: Creating and fighting are our way of saying to the fallen *compañeros*, "You didn't die when they killed you."

This certainty has nothing to do with the Great Beyond. It has to do with the Great Here and Now, with the joy of the continuing human adventure on earth. We have the joy of our joys, and we also have the joy of our sorrows, because the painless life that consumer civilization sells in the supermarkets doesn't interest us, and we're proud of the price of so much pain that we pay for so much love. We have the joy of our errors, stumblings that prove the passion of the journey, and of love along the road. And we have the joy of our defeats, because the fight for justice and beauty is also worthwhile when it is lost. And above all, above all we have the joy of our hopes, with a full measure of disenchantment. When disenchantment has become an article of mass and universal consumption, we go on believing in the astounding power of the human embrace.

So here we join together, and in this spirit. And joining together we say to Pepe Carrasco and those who fell as he did, in Chile or anywhere else, to each and every one of those who have staked all and life itself for dignity: No, no, no, you didn't die when they killed you. ☐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WIDOWS AND *CONTRAS*

# The Return of Spitz Channell

DAVID CORN

As the major players in the Iran/*contra* scandal are again thrust into the spotlight—now as indicted co-conspirators—Carl (Spitz) Channell, the *contra* fund-raiser-turned-squealer for the Feds, continues his quiet comeback. The disclosure of his role in Lieut. Col. Oliver North's rebel resupply operation triggered the collapse of Channell's empire of conservative foundations, lobbying groups and political action committees. But it did not force Channell to give up his con game. A shadowy presence, he now discreetly works the right-wing dollar circuit. Last year Channell's ghost hovered over a money-raising campaign for the *contras*. Channell also pursued large donors in the United States and West Germany for a project that has provoked the threat of a lawsuit from a once-faithful supporter who now believes she was suckered for a half-million dollars. Most recently, Channell's fingerprints were detected on the silver at a dinner for a pro-Star Wars foundation, where former Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger assisted a fund-raising venture linked to Channell.

Channell's resilience should offer inspiration to that special breed of Washington rainmakers and consultants who care more about cash than cause. On April 29, 1987, Channell pleaded guilty to a single count of conspiracy to defraud the U.S. government, naming North as a co-conspirator. He and North had directed a financial support network for the *contras* that used tax-exempt groups and relied heavily on Texas widows. From a small list of contributors, Channell coaxed more than $10.4 million, of which only $2.8 million ended up with the rebels or with *contra*-related parties. It remains unclear where all the money went. But a good chunk of the cash Channell pulled in stayed with him and his associates, who made hundreds of thousands of dollars and lavishly furnished their offices.

Several months after Channell struck his guilty-plea deal with special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, Channell associate G. David Lane signed an agreement to raise money for the Nicaraguan Development Council, a U.S.-based group controlled by *contra* leader Adolfo Calero. During Channell's glory days, Lane worked in fund-raising at Channell's National Endowment for the Preservation of Liberty, according to a former Channell associate. These days, Channell operates out of the Capitol Hill office of Lane and Associates.

The wealthy conservatives Lane tapped for the N.D.C. came straight from Channell's old list. Of Lane's eleven original donors, ten were loyal Channell contributors, according to a former Channell associate who was read the roster. This group gave a total of $111,750 to the N.D.C., according to Lane and Associates records.

Last November, Lane and the N.D.C. held a meeting with potential donors in the Miami office of the Nicaraguan Resistance, recalls Jared Cameron, who attended it. Cameron is a P.R. specialist for the Hannaford Company, which then had a three-month consulting contract with an N.D.C.-related group, the Nicaraguan American National Foundation. At the time of the gathering, Channell was holed up in a nearby hotel, says one of his former associates, who notes, "Spitz was telling David Lane exactly what to say." A source close to the N.D.C. adds, "Nobody was supposed to know Channell was around."

During a brief telephone interview, Lane at first denied he has engaged in any *contra*-related fund-raising. Asked about his contract with Calero—a copy of which was filed with the Justice Department—Lane exclaimed, "I'm not discussing it." Reached a second time after numerous telephone calls, Lane admitted he knows Channell "very well" but would not comment on Channell's connection to his own N.D.C. labors. Channell did not return calls placed to him at Lane and Associates.

Lane grossed close to $200,000 for the N.D.C. Nevertheless, the N.D.C. was less than pleased with the results. The money Lane brought in "was very far from what he promised" to raise, an N.D.C. source says. Lane's contract with Calero gave the fund-raiser the first $75,000 he attracted to cover his expenses. After that, 27 percent of the take would go to Lane and Associates, meaning the N.D.C. saw only about half of the $200,000. Of the remaining amount, a sizable portion came with stipulations by donors as to how the money could be spent, according to N.D.C. sources. The N.D.C. was told, for example, that it would receive a certain sum if it hired the Hannaford Company to handle its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public relations. The group did. Last October the Nicaraguan American National Foundation signed on for a three-month stint with Hannaford at a fee of $50,000. For that, the P.R. firm made fifty-three calls to the press in behalf of Calero and the foundation, according to Hannaford records, and also suggested ways to get better press for the rebels. At Hannaford this account was managed by Cameron, who months earlier had been Channell's press spokesman.

Other funds brought in by Lane for the N.D.C. were tagged for Dan Kuykendall, another member of the Channell team. Kuykendall, a Washington lobbyist and former U.S. Representative, maintains he was retained by the N.D.C. to develop his scheme for so-called democracy schools, which would be set up in *contra* camps to teach the rebels "democratic skills." In 1986, Channell hired him to mine Capitol Hill for *contra* aid. (Kuykendall's Gulf & Caribbean Foundation was denoted on the flow chart of organizations belonging to Oliver North's network that was found in North's safe.) "Lane foisted Kuykendall on the N.D.C.," a source close to N.D.C. says.

The N.D.C.'s relationships with the Hannaford Company and Kuykendall did not last long. The group was "very disappointed that certain people who were supposed to help the [*contras*] were trying to help their own organization or own interests," one N.D.C. source notes. Cameron maintains that there were no complaints about Hannaford's performance, but the three-month contract was not renewed. The N.D.C. and Kuykendall split. The N.D.C. severed its ties to David Lane in December.

The N.D.C., which was created in 1983 as an arm of Calero's F.D.N. *contra* faction, had hoped Lane would draw in $2 million to $3 million for it. N.D.C. sources maintain that the money Lane was to collect for the group would have gone toward a $1.5 million debt the *contras* owe for food supplies and toward building a radio station to broadcast propaganda into Nicaragua and Honduras. (The latter project included plans to buy 25,000 transistor radios, which would have been distributed to Nicaraguans and *contras*.) But according to N.D.C sources, only members of the Channell gang did well by Lane—Lane himself, the Hannaford Company and, to a lesser extent, Kuykendall. Whether Channell benefited, only he and Lane know for sure. Coincidentally or not, two months after the N.D.C. let Lane go, the Nicaraguan Resistance held a press conference to declare that no outside person or group was authorized to solicit funds for the rebels.

David Lane is not the only Channell "graduate" who has tried to raise dough by invoking the *contra* cause. After Channell's partnership with North was exposed, two of his lieutenants, Daniel Conrad and Liam Flannery, could be found at the Freedom Policy Foundation. Last fall, this group sent out a letter soliciting money for "humanitarian assistance" grants to the *contras* and other "freedom fighters."

That foundation also panhandles for the "Torch of Freedom," a monument to be built near the Berlin Wall and a Spitz Channell production. In spring 1987, Channell and Conrad told a West German associate, who asked not to be named, that they had raised $800,000 for the torch. (Channell, who was interested in fund-raising in West Germany, had asked this associate to set up appointments with the equivalents of Texas widows—known there as "Ruhr widows," the source says.) Several months later, the West German inquired about reimbursement for travel related to the project. He said Conrad told him that "there was no money at all." This source recalls that he did not ask specifically about the fate of the $800,000, but that Conrad had said "all his money had gone for legal costs." Neither Conrad nor Flannery could be reached for comment.

Around $500,000 of the $800,000 raised for the torch came from May Dougherty King—not surprisingly, an elderly Texas widow—in response to a pitch from Channell. (King contributed $466,000 to the National Endowment for the Preservation of Liberty earmarked for pro-*contra* lobbying and $5,000 for the *contras* themselves.) King has demanded her money back and threatened legal action; her lawyer would not elaborate on the reason for her dissatisfaction. One source familiar with the affair says King has been unable to determine where her money has gone.

Despite King's disgruntlement, she is still helping Channell, apparently unsuspectingly. Last month, she was one of about 150 people to attend the annual Willard F. Rockwell Jr. Space Foundation dinner, which honored Caspar Weinberger. This Washington event, technically not a fund-raiser but attended by past and potential supporters of the foundation, was haunted by Channell. Lane and Associates handles the fund-raising for the organization, which advocates a strong space program and developing Star Wars. Lane had solicited King on behalf of the group, says her attorney, who adds that King was assured Channell was not involved. But a source who attended the dinner reports that another participant claimed he was there because of his connection to Channell. "He said he had been to an afternoon briefing with Dan Kuykendall and had then attended a special, small reception with Weinberger," the guest recalled. The scene—Channell's widows and other major contributors hobnobbing with a knowing or unknowing Weinberger—is a tribute to Channell's perseverance and ingenuity. Neither Weinberger nor Kuykendall returned telephone calls. But Weinberger's secretary says, "He was aware there were rumors going around that [some guests] were tied to Spitz Channell, but as far as he understood, there was no connection."

Channell, Lane, Conrad, Flannery, Kuykendall—it's the same crowd as in the Iran/*contra* days. "They're all still in bed together," says a former Channell associate. After the Iran/*contra* affair broke, their funders—true-believing, well-heeled conservatives—did not abandon them. "It sickens me that [Channell's supporters] may have been taken for a ride again," this source adds. As the Iran/*contra* committees' report makes clear, Channell himself was a prime beneficiary of his fund-raising acumen. The widows were tapped and the *contras* short-changed. Recall last year's news account that Channell and Conrad passed over $100,000 in their endowment's funds to their lovers.

"Some people were so pleased that the vote on *contra*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

military aid didn't pass," a Nicaraguan Resistance official says of the February vote. "It gives them the perfect opportunity to go out there and raise funds. We are their agenda. Without us, many of them wouldn't have a livelihood." Channell is certainly a role model for this band. Walsh hasn't stopped him. His interest was in using Channell to nail North. Perhaps a jail stay might slow Spitz Channell down. Until then, wealthy anti-Communists and other patriots await. □

DEMOCRATIC ECONOMICS

# Austerity vs. Jobs and Justice

SAMUEL BOWLES,
DAVID M. GORDON AND
THOMAS E. WEISSKOPF

Where do the Democrats stand on the economy? While their stump-talk reverberates with populist-style rhetoric about helping working people, most of the party's candidates have provided surprisingly few substantive suggestions for putting the economy to work for workers—or for anyone else.

Jesse Jackson's message has sounded an increasingly resonant note as the primary season evolves; but, as the Jackson campaign recognizes, the populist theme is only a beginning. Leading Democratic Party figures have not yet presented a persuasive case that the party will be able to do right for the poor and working people and also make the economic arithmetic reckon: The Democratic candidates talk about the needs of the "average working man and woman," but with the exception of Jackson, they remain vague and elliptical about problems of economic growth.

The Democrats' diffidence about economic growth reflects a serious substantive problem. The Democratic Party is faced with a dilemma: It is committed to jobs and justice, but it is no less committed to balancing the government's books. In the past the party's presidential candidates, such as John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, have argued that a high-growth economy enhances economic opportunity in the private economy while providing the tax revenues necessary for social programs that will redeem the promise of a more just society. But the customary means for stimulating economic growth—expanding the demand for goods and services by running government deficits—is no longer considered an acceptable part of the solution; it is now regarded as part of the problem. Thus, the Democrats must reconcile the old-time, social-justice religion with the new-age, fiscal austerity creed.

There are some good reasons for the Democrats' reluctance to unfurl their traditional Keynesian banner. As French President François Mitterrand discovered in the early 1980s, the attempt to spur economic growth by expanding the domestic demand for goods and services can backfire in an open and competitive global economic environment. Unless other economies are growing at the same time, and unless other direct measures are taken to promote productive investment, the domestic fiscal stimulus is likely to boost imports and create a spiraling trade deficit rather than foster durable economic growth.

Federal deficit financing can provide another gravy train for the rich. In the early postwar period, the Federal government used to finance its expenditures by taxing the rich. During the Reagan years, it has turned instead to borrowing from the rich and paying them back at record-high interest rates. Since the wealthy purchase the vast majority of government bonds, a rising ratio of Federal debt to total national income will inevitably shift income to those wealthy bondholders.

The Democratic candidates have their own political reasons for avoiding the issue of economic growth. Recession may be postponed until after the November elections, through some combination of luck and Federal Reserve legerdemain, making it harder to attack the Administration's record on economic expansion. The economy might not be flourishing, a recent *New York Times* campaign wrap-up noted, but it "is still growing. So the candidates see little point in running for President on promises to tinker with it."

There is yet another problem. Over the past decade, a vast majority of U.S. citizens have taken it on the chin. For example, real median family income, discounting inflation, was actually lower in 1986 than in 1979. Unfortunately, as *The Wall Street Journal* noted recently, "the Democratic challengers inexplicably overlook the matter." The candidates' revival of the populist message—focusing attention on how much income has recently been redistributed to the rich—may also have obscured the economic growth issue. Populists have tended to ascribe the stagnation in living standards to the wealthy claiming a larger share of the pie. But it also stems from slower growth of the economic pie under the economic leadership of President Reagan and former Federal Reserve chair Paul Volcker.

So, in the resulting vacuum, the main challenge to the Administration's economic policy has come from those who insist, with increasing intensity after the stock market crash last October, that "the party is over." This austerity anthem serves as background music whenever centrists and neoliberals congregate.

The refrain is straightforward: To revive the economy and beat back our foreign competitors, the United States needs more productive investment. And that requires, quite starkly, that we take two urgent steps: reduce private con-

*Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon and Thomas E. Weisskopf are professors of economics at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst; the New School for Social Research; and the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, respectively. They have provided economic analysis and policy suggestions to advisers of the Jesse Jackson for President campaign.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sumption in order to raise private savings for investment, and reduce public spending in order to reduce the Federal government's borrowing requirements—since we cannot continue to depend on foreign funds for such investment.

The austerity anthem plays better on Wall Street than on Main Street. Bruce Babbitt won press points for advocating specific measures for fiscal austerity, but his candor helped earn him a plane ride back to Arizona. The problem is that most Americans don't remember enjoying any party; they appear to agree with progressive economist Jeff Faux that if there's any cleanup in order, "the first people to whom Congress should hand the mop are those who spilled the punch."

Most of the Democratic candidates still in the race, therefore, talk tough about the deficit, remain vague about how they will deliver the goods for America's poor and working people and hope they won't be pressed too hard to make the numbers add up.

All the candidates appear to share a delight, as a *Fortune* survey reports, in "taking aim at what they love to call the 'casino society' on Wall Street." All of them also endorse the need for a higher minimum wage and plant-closing notification legislation. All would generally favor toughening tax and regulatory treatment of business.

The potential political appeal of "economic nationalism," spurred by huge trade deficits and the erosion of U.S. "competitiveness," has also captivated the Democrats. Here, however, their approaches have differed: The recent dropout Richard Gephardt represented one pole in the debate, as the sponsor of an amendment that would impose strong restraints on trade with countries that do not reduce their trade surpluses with the United States and fail to curb restrictions on imports of American goods. Michael Dukakis favors reliance on tough executive negotiation and less aggressive trade restraints, endorsing a milder version of the Gephardt amendment recently introduced in Congress by Senator Donald Riegle Jr. Jesse Jackson has placed greater emphasis on a "corporate code of conduct," which would, among several objectives, seek to increase the costs and reduce the incentives for U.S. corporations to relocate production in low-wage havens abroad. But beyond these specific issues, most of the candidates have been remarkably evasive.

Dukakis describes himself as a "full-employment Democrat." He proposes a reorientation of Federal budget priorities in order to foster greater commitment to education, retraining, the infrastructure, R&D and regional development. He places particular emphasis on the promise of public-private partnerships to help promote investment and jobs development. But he has so far committed himself to spending only $500 million in Federal funds to support those partnerships—half a drop in the bucket. And he has decided (as of this writing) not to issue a proposed budget or detailed macroeconomic plan, thus finessing the problems of consistency between full employment and fiscal austerity. "In place of specific programs," *The New York Times* reports, "Mr. Dukakis offers his own expertise."

Like Dukakis, Albert Gore also refuses, as he said in a major address on the economy last December, to "be drawn into an unrealistic numbers game—adding up the amount of cuts and programs and overly optimistic economic assumptions. I cannot predict the economic conditions of January 1989, and neither can anyone else." So far, he has avoided any specific programmatic commitments, for example on how to restructure Third World debt or foster coordinated global expansion. He offers instead a pledge to deal with our economic problems "by being better." Toward that end, he proposes investment in education, welfare reform, incentives to savings through a "savings ladder deduction," and support for employee profit-sharing plans. He has not yet stipulated specifically how he would promote growth or pay for these programs.

Unlike Dukakis and Gore, Paul Simon had, until he quit last week, made at least one clear economic policy commitment to "putting more of our people back to work," through something like the Guaranteed Job Opportunity Program that he introduced at the beginning of the 1987 Congressional session. Simon also pledged to achieve a balanced Federal budget by 1992. He was criticized, even lampooned, for failing to reconcile these two potentially conflicting objectives. (Pressed at one of the candidates' debates last December, Simon insisted "I understand the figures. We can do it and we're going to do it.") He had more recently repeated that, as President, he would "do both." But he did not say how he could guarantee a first-year reduction of the unemployment rate by one-half of one percent while at the same time imposing substantial fiscal restrictions through Federal deficit reduction.

Alone among the Democrats, Jackson has chosen to confront the party's dilemma directly, refusing to equivocate on either the social justice agenda or the requirements of economic growth. One leg of Jackson's program is to change corporate behavior. Under Reagan, Jackson charges, large corporations have "merged corporations, purged workers and submerged the economy." Those practices, he insists, must stop. His specific policy proposals include strengthening workers' rights at home, eliminating tax incentives for mergers and for the movement of jobs abroad, treating violations of workers' rights overseas as an unfair trade practice and pushing for an international code of corporate conduct.

The other leg is a strategy to pursue growth and redistribution here and abroad through a "percolating up" rather than a trickle-down philosophy. Jackson's proposals amount to a significant shift in priorities, away from profit-led and toward people-led growth. Related policies include raising the minimum wage and linking it to the average wage, increasing investment in child care, education and housing, and using a portion of pension-fund capital for productive investment. His proposal for a Marshall Plan for the Third World and improved international coordination of economic policies is aimed at significantly boosting world demand, American exports and employment. And his willingness to push for lower interest rates would help provide the stimulus no longer available from the government budget itself. The net effect of his proposals would be to move vigorously toward a combination of budget and trade deficit reduction, reviving economic growth and ending "economic violence."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jackson's program combines a modified Keynesian approach for expanding global demand with a domestic plan for human-resource-led development. At the fiscal level, the arithmetic works because Jackson's advocacy of marked increases in real spending for domestic social programs is coupled with tax increases on the wealthy and a major cut in military spending. At the macroeconomic level, equally important, the strategy underlying his economic proposals builds upon three eminently sensible propositions:

§ In order to expand the demand for goods and services, promote investment and end the Robin-Hood-in-reverse redistribution of wealth (resulting from the government's unremitting borrowing from and repaying, with interest, the rich), the primary stimulus to the economy, in the present environment, should come from lower interest rates, not from continued government deficits.

§ A program of demand stimulation in the United States must be part of a de facto strategy of coordinated economic expansion among the leading industrial economies.

§ Increases in demand must be accompanied by supply-side policies to increase the amount of output from our available resources—programs aimed at improving the effectiveness of the economy and reducing inflationary pressure by increasing workers' skills and participation, the rate of investment from available funds and the efficiency of corporate management.

Is this plan feasible? The most obvious approach to coordinated demand expansion is to seek agreement among the leading nations to avoid contractionary fiscal policies and, more important, to reduce significantly the real (inflation-adjusted) interest rate in each of those countries. Should such an agreement not be forthcoming, coordination could nonetheless be indirectly secured by the Federal Reserve Board, under strong pressure from a new growth-oriented President and Congress: If the Fed reduced interest rates in the United States, lower interest rates abroad would be bound to follow.

To be sure, lower U.S. interest rates would put strong downward pressure on the value of the dollar as wealth holders would move their assets to countries offering higher returns on those assets. But economic decision-makers in Germany, Japan and elsewhere have no intention of letting the dollar fall too far, lest this further erode their competitive advantage against the United States. Their only realistic recourse would be to lower their own interest rates to stem the shift out of dollar assets. The effect would be a kind of forced, U.S.-led coordination of globally lower interest rates.

Partial or full debt relief for overburdened Third World nations would further stimulate demand for U.S. goods, as those nations would then spend less on debt repayment and more on imports. This is particularly true in Latin America, where U.S. market shares remain significant. Manuel Pastor Jr., an economist and Latin America specialist who has provided advice to the Jackson campaign, has estimated that the debt-relief package advocated by Jackson would alone generate more than a half-million jobs—in both agriculture and manufacturing—in the United States.

Jackson's economic program is playing well with the voters. As New York Governor Mario Cuomo observed after Jackson's stunning victory in the Michigan primary, "What he has going for him is that he speaks specifically about real problems, in a way the other candidates do not. There has to be a why to a campaign. It's not enough that you're good looking and well-organized." But will Jackson's brand of percolating-up economics make its mark on the Democratic Party? *Rolling Stone* national editor and economic journalist William Greider posed the question bluntly in those pages recently, describing an argument within the party:

> [They are debating] between slow-down austerity and faster growth. A new Democratic administration could embrace a conservative slow-growth approach that imposes declining living standards. . . . Or it could plunge forward aggressively with an optimistic liberal strategy to restimulate the global economy. Do the Democrats still believe in a rising tide that lifts all boats?

Jackson, as Greider notes, is the one Democratic candidate who clearly does still believe. But after the primary votes have been counted the austerity advocates will be out in force, led by what Greider terms the "party establishment—the economists, policy advisers, media leaders, Wall Street financiers and Washington lobbyists who always circle around the nominee." Their project: to push the eventual party candidate to an austerity commitment. They succeeded with Mondale in 1984. Will they turn the trick again?

No matter how else his campaign finally evolves, Jesse Jackson will have performed an invaluable service if he can persuade the Democratic Party to abandon the austerity anthem and follow the lead of his campaign for economic justice *and* economic growth. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BOOKS & THE ARTS.

## Poetry on Location

KATHA POLLITT

**Voices & Visions**

Culture, I read recently, is booming. Painting is hot. Opera is hot. Ballet is hot. Even short stories, for heaven's sake, are hot. There is only one art that remains as resolutely heat-resistant as ever, and that's poetry. "I, too, dislike it," wrote Marianne Moore, speaking at least this once in her life for millions. And, indeed, it is amazing how many well-read and sophisticated people turn into cheerful philistines when faced with irregular lines of print.

Why this should be, I don't know. True, much poetry makes demands on the reader. But so does much nonpoetry. Is T.S. Eliot harder to understand than William Faulkner? Does Robert Lowell require more patience than Henry James or, for that matter, Thomas Pynchon? And what about reader-friendly poets like Richard Wilbur, Philip Larkin and Elizabeth Bishop? It's not as though their books are flying off the library shelves either. At this point in the conversation poetry-haters often bring up their high-school English teachers, who spoiled poetry forever by bungling the all-important Introduction thereto. Personally, I always thought Mrs. Elliston did a very good job on the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, but in any case those same teachers introduced us to grown-up fiction too, and enough of us survived *Silas Marner* to make John Updike a very happy man.

The English-teacher theory has some truth to it, though, since the classroom is not just the first place most people encounter poetry; it is the only place. Mr. Chips himself would have a hard time overcoming that handicap. There's also some truth in the marketing-conspiracy theory: People don't read poetry because publishers and book-review editors and book-sellers assume they won't and conduct their businesses accordingly. But there are reasons that this is the assumption publishers make, the most obvious being that it is, for the most part, true—or true enough.

I subscribe to the television-coma theory myself, according to which an overproduction of alpha waves actually destroys the poetry-processing centers of the brain. Surely it's no coincidence that the countries where poetry is most popular are the ones with the worst TV. Would the Russians read Pushkin if they could watch *Cheers*? But now, in a daring inversion of this very theory, PBS has launched a mammoth rescue effort with *Voices & Visions*, thirteen one-hour critical biographies of American poets (Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, Langston Hughes, Walt Whitman, Hart Crane, William Carlos Williams, Emily Dickinson, Marianne Moore, T.S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens, Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath)—all great, all famous, all dead. Can television, strong, rich and cool, save poetry, weak, poor and, in McLuhan's but surely no other sense, feverishly, shiveringly hot? Is that all it takes, just getting the word out, not in some fusty old way like, oh I don't know, a book, but in a snazzy visual package stuffed with production values, music, plummy voices, period costumes, dramatizations, beautiful scenery and anecdotes about suicides and sex lives?

An enormous wealth of talent and intelligence has been lavished on *Voices & Visions*—and probably an enormous wealth of wealth, too (the series was produced by the New York Center for Visual History, presented by the South Carolina ETV Network and funded by The Annenberg/C.P.B. Project, the N.E.H. and a long list of foundations, commissions, endowments and businesses). Lawrence Pitkethly, the executive producer, has managed to get on camera a really impressive array of poets, critics and scholars: James Merrill, Seamus Heaney, Galway Kinnell, Joyce Carol Oates, Joseph Brodsky, Sandra Gilbert, Richard Howard, Richard Wilbur, Anthony Hecht, Adrienne Rich, Allen Ginsberg, Derek Walcott (who co-wrote the Hart Crane program), Helen Vendler (who is also listed as senior literary consultant) and dozens more. You can send away for a neat little viewer's guide written by Joseph Parisi, editor of *Poetry* magazine, and Random House has brought out two fat tie-ins, a poetry anthology of relevant critical essays edited by Helen Vendler and a poetry anthology-cum-textbook by Robert DiYanni. You can even take *Voices & Visions* as a college course, and if you do, your teacher will be equipped with a Preview Guide. Sample exercise: "1. Put the first line in normal English word order. 2. What is 'the frozen-ground-swell'?" Hmmm. Maybe there's more to the English-teacher theory than I thought.

I'm sure some people have worked up a lather over *Voices & Visions*' choice of poets. What? No Olson-Zukofsky-Oppen-Niedecker? Only one black? Only four women? It would be interesting to know how the thirteen were selected—poor Theodore Roethke! Did his name even come up, I wonder? But it's not an unreasonable, violently skewed list. In keeping with the middle-of-the-road balance of its canon is the mild and gentlemanly tone of (most of) the interviews. Although there are some inspired matchups (Brodsky and Heaney, two foreigners, on Robert Frost, the self-imagined ur-American), most are the expected ones, with the few potential wild cards kept firmly in hand. Allen Ginsberg is wonderful on William Carlos Williams and Walt Whitman—funny, touching, full of innocent enthusiasm. But these are his spiritual fathers—why not cast against type and ask him about T.S. Eliot? Similarly, Adrienne Rich is allowed to say clever feminist things about Emily Dickinson, but not about Lowell (whom she knew well) or Whitman.

What the interviews lack in fireworks and flying fur they supply in sheer interest. Visibly moved, James Merrill reads aloud Wallace Stevens' "Final Soliloquy of the Interior Paramour" and says with a little laugh, "Sometimes I feel about this poem the way others feel about the Twenty-third Psalm." Mary McCarthy recites, with great relish, a bit of college doggerel by her fellow Vassarite Elizabeth Bishop, on the subject of living next to the toilet: "Ladies and gents, ladies and gents/flushing away your excrements." An ancient Kenneth Burke, all wild gray beard and gnarly hands, leans on his spade in the middle of a forest and conjures up a young Marianne Moore: "She was magic to me!" The ordinary people who speak are equally remarkable. "Well," says one of Stevens' neighbors, "if you leave out his personal life, he was a happy man." Peggy Cowley recounts Hart Crane's last morning. Marianne Moore's housekeeper recalls the poet's gay afternoons with T.S. Eliot (when he married, "she felt quite bad about it for quite a while." Now, there's a thought.). Dido Merwin, W.S.'s ex, gossips maliciously

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about Sylvia Plath's treatment of husband Ted just as though Sylvia were still there to be I-told-you-so'd once more.

If only *Voices & Visions*, having rounded up all these fascinating people, had had the courage just to let them talk. What better way to draw beginners into a subject than to present them with a collection of brilliant, articulate experts? Ah, but that would be the dread talking heads, which TV watchers are presumed to hate. And so the interviews are cut up into tiny slivers and sprinkled upon a visual and dramatic farrago in which the only other successful element is wonderful old footage of some of the poets. Consider the Frost program, which leads off the series (for some reason, poets are presented in no particular order, chronological or otherwise). In addition to fifteen- and twenty-second bits of Heaney, Brodsky and Wilbur, we get a costumed dramatization of "Home Burial" that appears to be performed by summer interns of the Berkshire Playhouse; much fancy photography of English scenery to testify to Frost's years there, including a bizarre sequence in which Richard Poirier discusses this period while he's riding on a train; a detailed discussion of Frost's friendship with Edward Thomas, with special mention of the long country walks they took together (more scenery), but scarcely a line of Thomas's verse, which the viewer is apparently presumed to know by heart. Veiled allusions are made to Frost's not having been the world's nicest man—as with the Thomas material, you have to already know what you're being told in order for it to mean anything. But then how much sophistication to assume in the viewer is a question the makers of *Voices & Visions* change their minds about almost from frame to frame. The T.S. Eliot program has Frank Kermode mentioning Eliot's use of *Tristan* (not even "Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*"), while we watch a few flickering seconds of some no doubt legendary performance. The viewer who knows what passage Kermode is referring to, however, has been holding his head in his hands and moaning ever since hearing Joseph Chiari talk about the death of Romanticism while a mime in Pierrot costume lurks absurdly at the base of a marble statue.

The compulsion to tart up the material with elaborate, irrelevant visuals is bad enough when exercised upon the narrative and critical elements. It is unforgivable, though, that the same thing is perpetrated upon the poems themselves. Almost never is a poem simply spoken, as James Merrill speaks "Final Soliloquy." It is spoken—usually by an overly emphatic actor or actress—while the words splatter on the screen like raindrops, over a scenic background, accompanied by music. Or read aloud while we look at glossy photos or a little film sequence that illustrates the poem (for "After Apple-Picking," stills of New England orchards; for "Mowing" a burly young man scythes hay), or watch an actor or actress portraying the poet go about some little business. Some poems are dramatized at a more conceptual level (we hear T.S. Eliot's "Preludes" while watching a gorgeous turn-of-the-century prostitute—another summer intern—flounce about the streets of Paris), with results that are always unfortunate. One poem is even danced (Langston Hughes's "When Sue Wears Red"), and that is worse.

Some of these visuals are beautiful and a few are actually helpful. I read Bishop's "Santarém" more deeply now that I know that when the Amazon and the Tapajós flow together, they run next to each other like two distinct stripes, one blue and one brown—a geographical oddity that is not mentioned in the poem, but as James Merrill says, is surely just beneath its surface. But basically the visuals are a terrible idea, and would be a terrible idea even if none of them were as foolish as many of them are. A poem is not a screenplay. T.S. Eliot does not need summer interns, or Anglican churchgoers singing hymns, or fingers in close-up playing Beethoven quartets on the violin, or Tibetan funerals, or Edwardian children on sleds. Not only does the constant bustle on the screen and sound track have nothing to do with poetry, it takes away from poetry by making impossible the close attention to language poetry requires. Hearing Lowell's "Beyond the Alps" while a surreal montage of images plays across the screen, one remembers the images and forgets—because one has not really heard—the words. Lowell didn't write "blankfaced man on an elegant European train peels an orange, cut to newsreel footage of Mussolini and the Pope." He wrote "I watched our Paris pullman lunge/mooning across the fallow Alpine snow" and "There the skirt-mad Mussolini unfurled/ the eagle of Caesar."

The basic idea behind *Voices & Visions*, then, is that poetry, although beautiful and true, is difficult and boring. Therefore it must be presented disguised as something else, the way children's vitamins are disguised as candy, and for the same reason: It's Good For You. If not, how come all this supposedly essential, profound and deeply pleasurable stuff is offered not only slathered over with every distraction known to man—but abridged, often so sharply as to make what's left meaningless? What we have here is the lowest-common-denominator thinking that sinks most educational TV: By accepting as a given the audience's supposedly atrophied attention span, it deprives them of anything that would reward sustained concentration. Result: A week later you try to remember "Sunday Morning" and all you can recall is the blue and white breakfast china shown in the opening montage, which you happen to know can be purchased at Conran's.

Along with the compulsion to entertain goes the old PBS dread of stirring up strong feelings or taking a point of view that might be in any way distressing to anyone. Thus, every biographical or critical controversy is resolved by leaving out most of the relevant facts and then having someone speak for each side, as in *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*. Most of the time this is harmless enough: It's amusing to watch Justin Kaplan and Harold Bloom put forward the silly proposition that Walt Whitman, although undoubtedly homosexual by inclination, was a lifelong virgin, followed by Ginsberg's gleeful citing of sexy quotes and salacious anecdotes. The Ezra Pound program, however, shows how easily this method can be used to fudge and distort the issues. First Pound's Fascism and raving anti-Semitism, major obsessions throughout the thirties, forties and fifties, are reduced to the matter of his broadcasts on Italian radio during the war. Then perennial acolytes James Laughlin and Hugh Kenner pooh-pooh the importance of even this minimal sample of reality (Laughlin: "The law . . . takes no account of what is in the broadcast"—as if the proper legal definition of treason was the major issue here). Over to Alfred Kazin, who counters that Pound's anti-Semitism, in the context of what was happening in Europe, cannot really be regarded as an unfortunate lapse in taste. It's a noble rebuke to the whole Pound industry, which has yet to come to grips with—or even admit—the true scope of his fanaticism, both in word

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and deed. But the scriptwriters themselves have sanitized the biographical record so thoroughly (failing to mention, for example, that while at St. Elizabeth's Pound managed to tear himself away from the *Cantos* often enough to become the ardent mentor of John Kasper, a neo-Nazi white supremacist who was eventually jailed for fomenting segregationist riots in Tennessee) that Kazin becomes just Another Opinion.

Will *Voices & Visions* send viewers out into the streets to ransack the poetry shelves of their local bookstores? Much could be pardoned, I suppose, if it succeeded in reminding viewers that once upon a time they were readers, who—in college? when they were in love?—found poetry electric and exciting. More likely, I suspect, it will merely make them feel that poetry is another slab of culture they have to pretend to admire. Being held up as a moral duty is a poor way for an art to subsist—look around you next time you go to the symphony. And being hot can be even worse—look around the walls at Mary Boone's gallery. As for me, I came away from my thirteen-hour cassette-fest feeling new respect for the public-be-damned self-reliance of the great Modernists: Those cold high priestly vapors are positively bracing compared with the bland, deferential approach *Voices & Visions* embodies. Yes, poetry should be offered to everyone—but on its own ground, which is language. You may reach fewer people (or not, who knows?) but you'll reach them with something that's real.

If TV can't do it, there's always the public library. □

# Tyrant's Gambit

JAMES MARCUS

ANTHILLS OF THE SAVANNAH. *By Chinua Achebe. Anchor Press/Doubleday. 216 pp. $16.95.*

In "Civil Peace," a story he wrote seventeen years ago, Chinua Achebe noted how the violence of civil war inevitably outlives the actual conflict, and barely pausing for breath, extends itself into peacetime. As a band of thieves threatens the protagonist's family with automatic rifles, their leader dwells for a moment on this fine distinction:

> Awrighto. Now make we talk business. We no be bad tief. We no like for make trouble. Trouble done finish. War done finish and all the katakata wey de for inside. No Civil War again. This time na Civil Peace. No be so?

*Anthills of the Savannah*, Achebe's first major novel since *Things Fall Apart* appeared thirty years ago, unfolds against a similarly euphemistic backdrop of civil peace. The setting is the West African nation of Kangan, a fictional cousin to Achebe's own Nigeria. During the last two years, Kangan has witnessed a scenario of depressing familiarity: a revolution against the civilian government, followed by the rule of an "interim" military government, whose leader soon undergoes a transformation into President-for-Life, First Citizen, His Excellency or whatever job title happens to be in fashion among sitting tyrants. In this case, the aspiring kingpin—a product of Sandhurst Military Academy named Sam—has recently been frustrated in his ambitions. The northern province of Abazon has failed to cast its vote in his favor, spoiling his "unanimous" election. In return, he has refused to provide relief to the drought-stricken province.

In the novel's opening scene, Sam reaffirms his refusal during a meeting of the Cabinet, an assortment of toadies and flacks whose tone Achebe catches perfectly. The meeting is recorded by one of Achebe's multiple narrators, Chris Oriko, Commissioner for Information. A boyhood friend of Sam's, Chris can't help but approach him irreverently; he's also conscious of how rapidly the regime's malevolence has accelerated, "a game that began innocently enough and then went suddenly strange and poisonous." Why, then, does he remain in the Cabinet? Inertia, he speculates, curiosity and "one last factor . . . namely that I couldn't be writing this if I didn't hang around to observe it all. And no one else would."

His reportorial instincts notwithstanding, Chris is an insider, with an intelligence faintly poisoned by accommodation. The opposite is true of his old friend Ikem Osodi, poet and current editor of the government-owned *National Gazette*. Osodi continues to fight the regime via the editorial page. When a perplexed Chris remonstrates with him, Ikem replies, "But supposing my crusading editorials were indeed futile would I not be obliged to keep on writing them?" This argument—pragmatism versus idealism—resounds throughout the novel, and not unexpectedly, idealism gets the best lines. Defending his activities on the basis of principle, rather than results, Ikem won't dwell on the "many successes [his] militant editorials have had." Hard facts, he insists, are beside the point:

> Those who mismanage our affairs would silence our criticism by pretending they have facts not available to the rest of us. And I know it is fatal to engage them on their own ground. Our best weapon against them is not to marshal facts, of which they are truly managers, but passion. Passion is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble.

The two friends' argument over how to respond best to a loathsome regime is complicated by one of that regime's most loathsome features: its constant, theatrical dissembling—government by euphemism. Ikem notes how Sam has turned his rule into a species of performance: "He is basically an actor and half of the things we are inclined to hold against him are no more than scenes from his repertory to which he may have no sense of moral commitment whatsoever." (It's a performance, too, that American readers can't fail to recognize in the eighth year of the age of Reagan.) With an actor, albeit a dangerous one, at the helm of state, the language of state quickly degenerates. Sam is simply the latest version of Auden's Ogre, for whom "one prize is beyond his reach,/The Ogre cannot master Speech."

Achebe passionately opposes this debasement of words by politics, turning upon it all his wit and disgust. "The story," an Abazon tribesman tells Ikem, "is our escort; without it, we are blind." But can any quality of language suffice to oppose the linguistic rot that calls Kangan's head torturer "Director of the State Research Council"? Achebe can answer this question only obliquely, by placing his book in our hands. In the story itself, Ikem meets his death at the hands of that very same Research Council. (In Idi Amin's Uganda, the state slaughterhouse bore a nearly identical title, the State Research Bureau. And in fact, the account of Wycliffe Kato's incarceration there, published in

*James Marcus is a novelist and translator.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a recent issue of *Granta*, would fit seamlessly into Achebe's novel.)

Of course, opposing a tyranny, or even enduring it, involves more than precision of language. At the same time as it records Ikem's and Chris's fall from political grace, *Anthills of the Savannah* chronicles their rising consciousness, with respect to both women and that ticklish entity, "the people." Both men begin the novel with conspicuously retrograde attitudes toward women. The agent of their enlightenment, and the novel's third major character/narrator, is one Beatrice Okoh, raised in an Anglican compound, educated at the University of London and now a middle-level bureaucrat in the Ministry of Finance. Beatrice senses Ikem's sexism as "the only chink in his revolutionary armor." And under her prodding, Ikem finally comes around, recanting his "candid chauvinism" in a four-page-long apologia. Indeed, after confessing his crimes against the female principle Ikem widens his focus to all oppressed groups. "Free people may be alike everywhere in their freedom," he tells Beatrice, "but the oppressed inhabit each their own particular hell."

A fine epigraph. But Achebe's feminism, entirely laudable, doesn't always translate effectively into fiction. In particular, he has resorted throughout to presenting Beatrice as an embodiment of feminine wisdom, "the village priestess who will prophesy when her divinity rides her abandoning if need be her soup-pot on the fire, but returning again when the god departs to the domesticity of kitchen." Perhaps her divinity would sit easier if she were as fleshed-out a character as the two men. Instead, the fuzziness of her portrait conspires with her divinity to keep her symbolic. Yet Achebe is too gifted a novelist to let this mutation take place. He gives Beatrice passion, fear, grief. Still, it's the only element of the novel in which polemic, or even its twin, sentimentality, threatens to displace flesh and blood.

No such problems mar Achebe's treatment of the other target of raised consciousness, the "people." For one thing, he gives them voice throughout *Anthills of the Savannah* by turning again and again to the sprung rhythms of the local patois. (An example, in which a policeman offers his solution to Kangan's problems: "Make every man, woman and child and even those them never born, make everybody collect twenty manilla each and bring to me and I go take am go England and negotiate with IMF to bring white man back to Kangan.") Even Chris, Ikem and Beatrice shed their formal speech during moments of intimacy or stress, temporarily lowering the barriers of class and education.

For Ikem, though, these temporary connections aren't enough. How can a writer, in particular, forge a deeper bond with "the poor and dispossessed of this country, with the bruised heart that throbs painfully at the core of the nation's being"? Ikem's compassion for this "bruised heart" is genuine and convincing. It doesn't shield him, however, from the appalling contradictions housed in its chambers. In a brilliant scene, Ikem attends a public execution on a beach near the capital city. A television crew and a bleacher full of V.I.P.s have joined the vast crowd to observe the "ritual obscenities." As he waits for hours in the hot sun, Ikem peers at the crowd around him and wonders at its stamina. "How," he wonders, "does the poor man retain his calm in the face of such provocation?" Answering his own question, he decides that "great good humour" must explain it. Minutes later, though, he sees the thousands of onlookers jeer as the four condemned men are led out and shot. The terrible laughter—no longer a subversive tool of survival—strikes Ikem as a form of self-mutilation:

> But even the poor man can forget what his humour is about and become altogether too humorous in his suffering. That afternoon he was punished most dreadfully at the beach and he laughed to his pink gums and I listened painfully for the slightest clink of the concealed weapon in the voluminous folds of that laughter. And I didn't hear it.

Ikem's reaction joins disgust, pity, terror, disappointment; characteristically, it doesn't bar hope. The same can be said for Achebe himself. *Anthills of the Savannah* describes a truly dreary historical moment, in which monstrous half-wits wield the instruments of survival and destruction, the "yam and the knife." Yet Achebe establishes hope as a given, as the only conceivable response to suffering, the only one that challenges its permanence. It's a courageous act, urging such a thing upon us—neither pessimism nor optimism but a running argument with despair. And one worth waiting thirty years for. □


# HYPOCRISY: AMERICA'S LEADING EXPORT

Under the cover of "making the world safe for democracy", the U.S. has countless Military interventions and covert operations directed at destabilizing sovereign nations and popularly supported governments. Washington, D.C.'s rhetoric about democratic rights is twice over a fraud. Its global exploits have more to do with propping up multinational corporate interests than with the export of democracy. And the U.S. record on democracy at home is abysmal.

The U.S. is ranked near the bottom of some 75 world-wide electoral democracies in voter participation. A maze of legislation and regulations restricts voter registration and impedes access to the ballot for insurgents and independents. A steady erosion of the fairness doctrine has led to monopolization of the media by heavily funded major party candidates. And genuine public debate on critical social and foreign policy issues is stifled by the lack of democratic process.

On the 200th anniversary of the ratification of the Constitution, American democracy is more than ever recognized as a myth. But there is something you can do to make it a reality. You can support the fastest growing grassroots citizens lobby in the country — the **Rainbow Lobby** — which is developing a portfolio of legislation and issues to guarantee the civil and democratic rights of all Americans.

To join the **Rainbow Lobby**, fill out the coupon below and send it with a contribution of $25, $50, $100 or more. Your contribution can really make a difference. **Volunteers also needed.**

**THE RAINBOW LOBBY, INC.**
236 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Rm. 409
Washington, D.C. 20002
(202) 543-8324

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone ( _____ ) _____

Enclosed is my contribution of $_____

Yes, I am interested in volunteering _____

*Contributions to the Rainbow Lobby, Inc are not tax deductible.

The Rainbow Lobby, Inc. is an independent lobby, not affiliated with the Rainbow Coalition, Inc. N4.16


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Mislabeled

HERBERT KOHL

THE LEARNING MYSTIQUE: A Critical Look at "Learning Disabilities." *By Gerald Coles. Pantheon. 330 pp. $22.95.*

There are a number of mental conditions, such as retardation and insanity, which are legally defined and lead to the categorization of individuals. "Learning Disability" (usually abbreviated as L.D.) is one of them. Section 56026 of the California Education Code, for example, provides one of the strictest definitions of Learning Disability, and Title 5 of Section 3030J of the Administrative Code provides specific criteria and procedures for determining whether a student can be classified as "learning disabled." According to the law a "learning disability" consists of a disorder in one or more of the basic psychological processes involved in processing language or a discrepancy between intellectual ability and school achievement. It is made clear that the condition excludes retardation and emotional disturbance, and is presumably free of racial and class bias. In other words, an L.D. classification is used to identify and separate out students whose only apparent disability or disorder is that they don't do well on language-oriented tasks (such as doing phonics, parsing sentences and identifying the topic sentence of paragraphs) or on worksheets and achievement tests in other subjects.

There are millions of children in the United States classified as L.D., and this has led to what could be called an L.D. industry involving specialized teachers, teacher training programs, publishers, software manufacturers and pharmaceutical companies. Most L.D. children, according to Gerald Coles in his extraordinarily valuable book *The Learning Mystique*, come from the middle class, and there are many middle-class parent organizations that support the L.D. industry, including the Foundation for Children with Learning Disabilities, established in 1977 by Carrie Rozelle, wife of football commissioner Pete Rozelle and a formidable fundraiser. Coles speculates that "many middle-class parents were drawn to the learning disability explanation of their children's school-related failure because it extricated parents from 'blame' as . . . the classification 'emotionally disturbed' would not have done . . . [and] did not carry the stigma of 'mildly retarded.'"

The central question Coles, an associate professor of clinical psychiatry at the Robert Wood Johnson Medical School at Rutgers, addresses in the book, and the California Education Code does not address, is the specific nature of the "disorder" that presumably is at the root of L.D. Coles says that in addition to the exclusionary definition of "learning disability," which defines what it is not, "There also is an affirmative part of the definition: learning-disabled children are said to have a *neurological dysfunction*," that is, minimal brain disorder. According to educators and researchers the existence of brain malfunction in "learning disability" is backed up by considerable scientific information, without which the whole field would simply be based on guesses and hunches about what is wrong with normal children who don't learn readily. I've asked many educators to show me this information and been puzzled by the vague, unconvincing information they have provided. Coles's book raises serious questions about the status of this "scientific information" and its use by educational authorities who designate children as Learning Disabled.

The assumption of brain malfunction in "learning disability" (and its subsets such as dyslexia and reading disability), is extensively examined by Coles in the text, and supported by the footnotes and bibliography of *The Learning Mystique*. I know of no other such thorough scientific and sociological probing of the whole phenomenon. Coles considers, item by item, all of the symptoms and behaviors used to identify a child as learning disabled and probes the neurological research that presumably backs up the inference that there is a connection between brain function and school behavior in otherwise normal children.

The first "perceptual disorder" Coles examines is the phenomenon of reversals, that is, of reading "was" as "saw" and "on" as "no," etc. I have seen children in the first and second grades referred to psychologists for making reversals, and have found very few young children who didn't reverse some letter now and then, especially when the reversal was also a word they were supposed to be learning. But it was not until I read Gerald Coles's book that I realized how absurd, irresponsible and pernicious the claims that reversals were perception disorders were. Coles examines the neurological literature and claims, convincingly, that, "The truth is that reversal errors by both normal and disabled readers can be more consistently explained by a lack of adequate instruction than by any organic deficiencies." After reading this book, any teacher who refers to a child as potentially learning disabled and therefore having minimal brain dysfunction, simply for making reversals, is either intellectually irresponsible or unable to modify his or her own work in the service of the student.

The same holds true for the other signs of "learning disability," such as laterality or mixed dominance, visual field deficiencies, memory or genetic deficits, all of which are criticized by Coles in painstaking and convincing detail. His analysis of the use of drugs to "cure" nonestablished brain dysfunction is enough to frighten any parent whose child has been subjected to ritilin and should shame any educator who allowed it to happen. This is not to deny that some children don't do well in school when they could and should. It simply points out that the cause may lie outside the child's brain. If Coles's exposure of the lack of any scientific basis for identifying "learning disability" holds up, it is likely to create a great deal of hostility among professionals whose salaries are dependent upon such patent pseudoscience.

Parents get frightened when their children don't seem to be learning to read; they fear for the children's futures and have visions of downward mobility and lives of frustration and failure. But children classified as "learning disabled" are stigmatized anyway no matter how gentle the rhetoric of the accusers—administrators, teachers, counselors and psychologists—may be. And many adults who were classified as learning disabled when they were in school have learned to think of themselves as failures, as having brains that don't fully work.

Coles suggests that the child defined as "learning disabled" is a victim of some other kind of dysfunction. He does not shy away from speculating about what that dysfunction might be. He points out, in a way that I find a little too gentle, that the real causes of

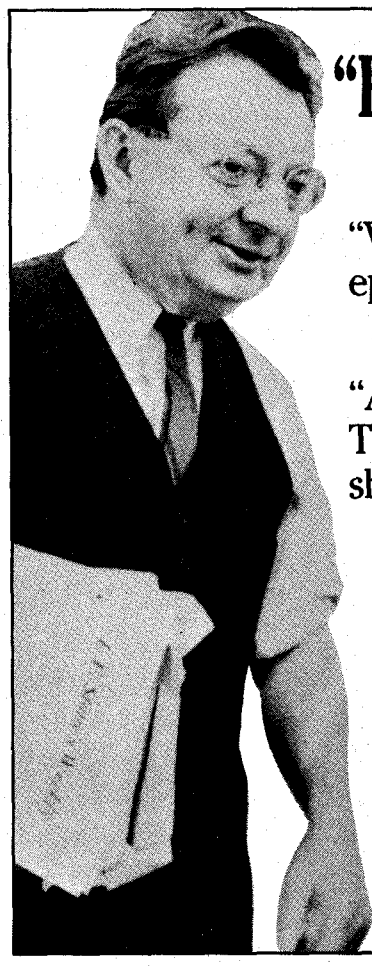
*Herbert Kohl, a teacher and writer, is the author, most recently, of* Growing Minds *(Harper & Row).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"learning disabilities" may lie in the nature of schooling and in the methods of some teachers. He suggests that in one of the major studies of "learning disabled" children, "the teachers did not appear to have been understanding, attentive, or supportive," and according to the parents of the children studied, the teachers were often "impatient, rigid and annoyed." He suggests that the 5 to 10 percent of the children in our schools who are stigmatized as "learning disabled" might indeed be the victims of bad teaching, inappropriate education environments, claustrophobic curriculums and professionals and corporations whose fortunes are dependent on having a disabled client population. He also proposes an alternative view of so-called learning disabilities, what he calls an interactivity theory, which looks beyond the child to the social world of the school and classroom.

Where Coles is not so helpful, however, is in his suggestions for redesigning learning programs for students designated as "learning disabled." If his information is accurate, it makes no sense for him to propose special programs, in-service teacher training or student and parental counseling sessions for such children. What we need instead is to rethink the way in which children are taught. I've worked for years with students who've had all kinds of labels sewn to them. The best strategy I've found to help them overcome their stigmatization is to ask them to explain what puzzles them about learning. By engaging students in the analysis of their own frustrations it is possible to develop ordinary, normal, non-neurologically based common-sense solutions to most so-called learning disabilities. If students have problems with reversals the strategy can be as simple as having them read by moving their finger along the page and placing an arrow at the top of the page to indicate the direction of the movement. If they have trouble focusing their eyes on the page and are easily fatigued or overactive, let them rest before returning to their work. That's the way most adults who control the conditions of their work function.

Parents, concerned educators and legislators must read this book and use the information in it to confront the bogus educational claims of people who try to build little empires on the basis of parental anxiety and the resistance of some children to improper education. □

"Phenomenally good"
—BEN BAGDIKIAN

"What a lovely portrait of our epoch's greatest journalist."
—STUDS TERKEL

"An extraordinary mind at work: That is what Andrew Patner shows us in this delightful book."
—ANTHONY LEWIS

I.F. STONE
A PORTRAIT
by ANDREW PATNER
Now at your bookstore
PANTHEON

Photo: Fred Maroon

Join The Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $20 or more. Membership includes a subscription to "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation*, and invitations to many *Nation*-sponsored events.

For further information write or call Sandra Zickefoose, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.

This publication is available in microform.
University Microfilms International

300 North Zeeb Road
Dept. P.R.
Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106
U.S.A.

30-32 Mortimer Street
Dept. P.R.
London W1N 7RA
England

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to The Nation Institute.
For information write or call: Emily Sack, Director, The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

*Now in Paperback*

UNDERSTANDING TOSCANINI How He Became an American Culture-God and Helped Create a New Audience for Old Music

Joseph Horowitz

"No one concerned with the fate of the arts in our jingoist and dangerously confused society can afford to ignore Joseph Horowitz's courageous, necessary, and for the most part irrefutable cultural case history."—Robert Craft, *New York Review of Books*

Finalist, 1987 National Book Critics Circle Award

$12.95

University of Minnesota Press
Minneapolis MN 55414


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ART.

## ARTHUR C. DANTO

### Fragonard

In the long twilight of his artistic career, in full possession of powers that had brought him high patronage and great fortune but for which there was no longer any demand, Fragonard undertook a project of stunning ambition: a set of illustrations of *Orlando Furioso* consisting of at least 160 drawings of furious energy and brilliance. One of these strikes me as a sort of allegorical self-portrait. It shows the sorceress Melissa conjuring up the image of a pair of lovers, Ruggiero and Alcina. The drawing itself is an act of conjuration, as indeed are all the drawings in this suite: seemingly random lines of black chalk under puddles of bister wash condense, here and there, to form the vision of lovers in an embrace at once so tender and intense, powerful and evanescent, as to become, just as a drawing, a metaphor for the feeling depicted and the act of its depiction. The lovers' heads are summoned out of mere touches; their bodies fade into insubstantiality in the blaze of white paper.

All the *Orlando Furioso* drawings I have seen embody the enchantment of the poem itself, transmuted into Fragonard's own gestural magic—but this particular drawing seems to refer to processes it also displays. Melissa is shown standing beneath the vision she has caused to materialize against the sky, her back toward us and holding a staff, like Prospero, who, through his particular magic, solidified out of emptiness a masque of spirits for the solemn entertainment of his daughter and her lover. But so has Fragonard, throughout his life as an artist but especially in these amazing drawings, evoked images of passionate love virtually out of nothing—out of strokes and spills and scribbles. The meeting of mouths in Melissa's trembling and driven spectres has been transacted out of deft smudges and untouched paper.

Fragonard was not, one feels, greatly given to self-awareness, but this drawing was executed at a moment when, however hopeful he must have been as a matter of personality, it must have been irresistibly plain to him that he had been beached by the rush of history, deprived of an audience whose wishes he had known how to fulfill in the deflected medium of painted dreams. His style, especially in the froth and liquid of these drawings, but no less so in the easy energy of his painting, suited to perfection the content of those dreams and was as dated as the gallantries and pastimes that formed that content. Fragonard did not document the life of his times so much as give palpable expression to the fantasies of those who lived those times. His tableaux give a fragile reality, hopelessly out of reach, to a form of sweet life constituted of love, innocence, beauty and distraction, spiced by pranks and giggles. They even have the space of dreams. And his surfaces exhibit a certain speed and urgency, as if to underscore the fragility of the visions shown—as if to say that, like the irridescences of a bubble, it must all be captured swiftly before it resolves into air and mist.

It was explicitly as a dream that Diderot, *philosophe* and art critic, addressed Fragonard's Salon piece of 1765, *The High Priest Coresus Sacrifices Himself to Save Callirhoë*, a work certainly puzzling to modern or postmodern sensibility, but one that marks the distance between eighteenth-century high taste and the more typical taste to which Fragonard appealed. "We gradually see Fragonard's picture come vividly into being, so to speak, before our eyes," Diderot wrote; it was, he pretended, as if the painting made objective and visible what he had but dreamt. Coresus is shown stabbing himself histrionically rather than plunging the ornamental dagger into the provocative and vulnerable bosom of Callirhoë, for whom it was meant. She is shown in a swoon at his knees, but apart from her bared breasts and the garland of flowers about her brow there is little that would indicate this painting might be by Fragonard. Yet, it exemplifies to perfection the kind of painting that was approved of by the Academy—which, since 1740, had pursued a program intended to return art to "the antique and to *grand goût*." This meant that preference was to be given to elevated and, ideally, heroic subjects composed and presented in ways that contrast severely with what we think of as French painting of the eighteenth century, namely Watteau, Boucher and, of course, Fragonard himself nearly everywhere except in this *machine*, as Diderot admiringly called it.

In earlier years, the Academy had been more open and accepting, even establishing a special category of *fêtes galantes* in order that Watteau might be taken into it. His reception piece was the exquisite *Embarcation to Cythera*, a work of melancholy eroticism in which paired lovers make their reluctant way toward a golden boat that is to bear them off to a destination that represents a change of state. There were, in the Salon of 1765, a great many paintings in the *fêtes galantes* manner by Boucher, but the characteristic entry in the biennial exhibition was exceedingly high-minded and, to our taste, portentous and moralizing. Diderot greatly admired it as "full of pictorial magic, intelligence, and *machine*," prophesying great things for this youthful artist.

*Coresus and Callirhoë* was one of the sensations of the Salon, and it secured Fragonard his early reputation as well as a studio in the Louvre. He was supposed to be paid for the painting, which was to be made into a tapestry, but the latter never materialized and the fee came grudgingly and late. His name made, Fragonard turned to those parts of the *machine* that might have been differently regarded when it was judged a work of *grand goût*—Callirhoë's floral headdress and pretty pink-and-cream breasts. The same sacrificially bared breasts recur in a work the Academy might have used to teach the meaning of *petit goût*, which it was anxious to suppress: a painting of a young model whose blouse has been parted by an older woman for the approval of the painter. In *Les débuts du modèle*, the painter, in a spiffy pink costume, is shown lifting the hem of the model's skirt with a mahlstick (think of Melissa's staff) while she, casting a sidelong glance, struggles to keep it in place. The painter is (perhaps) saved from prurience by looking as if he were already madly in love with the girl he is impatient to see stripped. And Callirhoë's garland recurs as the crown of flowers in *The Coronation of the Lover*, one of the panels installed at the Frick.

When Fragonard died in 1806, he was eulogized as a painter of "erotic and *galant* subjects" and identified as a representative of the *ancienne école*. He was 74, and readers of the sparse notices given his passing must have been astounded that he was still alive, so closely was his art identified with a banished and discredited society. The heroic style, pressed into aesthetic service by the Revolution, had made Fragonard look dated for a quarter-century. The fantasies he painted were not acceptable to an age that saw itself re-enacting antique grandeurs. The closest analogy I can think of is F. Scott Fitzgerald surviving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the 1930s, and a very different concept of paradise than any he celebrated. The riffs and jazzy cadences of Fitzgerald's prose would have transmitted a feeling at odds with the content of a proletarian novel, had he been cynical enough to write one; and the frothed surfaces of Fragonard would have been no less ill-suited to the representation of civic heroism and moral virtue the Revolution required—a need to convey a sense of almost architectural permanence, at odds with the feeling of imminent disappearance that goes with the filmy insolidity of dreams.

Pretty much all the components of the *ancien régime*'s dream of an earthly paradise are present in the first room of the magnificent exhibition of Fragonard's work at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City (until May 8), where soft adolescents, in the balletic costumes of shepherds or harvesters, mark the happy cycle of the seasons, playing with animals or with children scarcely more innocent than themselves. They gather flowers or harvest grapes and inhabit a garden world of balustrades and orange trees in tubs under delicious porcelain skies. When they do not engage in effortless labors emblematically marked by spades and scythes, they frolic at games we will see played over and over in Fragonard's world: blind man's buff, in which the mischievous girl is perfectly complacent in her role as victim, since she can see from under her blindfold to tease her teasers; and seesaw, which shows the lifted hem and the naughty calf, which becomes a motif in Fragonard as merry girls swing high and away in flying skirts above rapt and adoring males getting an eyeful.

I think one can infer from the recurrent voyeurism of Fragonard's work that his patrons must chiefly have been men, with whom, if I may say so, he saw eye to eye. I have often felt that one main difference between Fragonard and Boucher, his teacher and in certain ways his stylistic predecessor, is that Boucher was altogether a woman's painter, that his success derived from his capacity to depict women as they felt themselves to be, in a world of soft fabrics and gentle lovers and chaste relationships, and in which they held the governing reins. Fragonard, by contrast, depicts women as somebody's dish—eager, vacant, flossy, compliant—so that even in the set piece, so untypical of his work, Callirhoë is victim: Even if the male kills himself for love of her, her eyes are closed in a swoon and Fragonard's male viewers can enjoy her feminine helplessness. (As they also can in so many other pictures in which a woman is shown asleep, her chemise lifted by obliging cupids, or portrayed as tossing in the grip of what must be an erotic dream while the same cupids touch her breasts and underbelly with tiny flambeaux.)

Michael Fried has spoken of "absorption" as a defining characteristic of eighteenth-century depiction: The characters are shown as absorbed in their own inner worlds. When Fragonard's girls are not dreaming they are daydreaming—for example, holding a dog in the air whose tail serves as an impudent cachesexe. And in becoming absorbed in her absorption, we, as viewers, re-enact the circumstance of the dream. Not until Picasso, I think, did the sleeping woman become again the image of erotic yearning, but with Picasso a spectator, usually a satyr, is shown looking at her, excluding us from her presence. In Fragonard, the satyr is us.

As there are more than 200 works in the current show, I would count on making an afternoon of it and would preface my visit by taking a fresh look at that marvelous complex of Fragonard's panels known as ***The Progress of Love***, on permanent display at the Frick Collection and recently cleaned for the occasion of the Metropolitan exhibit. ***The Progress of Love*** is his masterpiece. It had originally been commissioned by Madame du Barry for the garden pavilion at Louveciennes, where she had been set up by her royal lover. From the compendious and indispensable catalogue by Pierre Rosenberg, I learned that the room in which the paintings were to be installed had the shape of an apse; and it seems an altogether fitting concept for the time, and certainly the place, that the witty patroness should have conceived it as a chapel dedicated to love, with Fragonard's images as stages of amatory progress to replace the Stations of the Cross. By ironic (but not iconic) coincidence, there are exactly fourteen canvases in the final inventory of ***The Progress of Love***, although not all of them are part of the narrative. There is an overall question of whether a narrative is carried forward at all, but in any case, the female figure seems to play the ascendant role and the wigged, tender suitor behaves decorously, declaring his adoration with a flower, climbing an unnecessary ladder to show his fervor, reading with his mistress the ***billets doux*** that


**Daniel Patrick Moynihan**

delivers

"one of the most felicitous political works to come out of the past eight years, no matter what one's views."*

"*Came the Revolution* captures the Reagan years in Senator Moynihan's inimitable voice. You can read it with delight—or rage—and learn."
—David S. Broder, *The Washington Post*

**"Insightful and elegant."**
*—Governor Mario Cuomo*

"Moynihan is that rare breed, an intuitive politician yet a prolific intellectual presence."
—**Kirkus Reviews*

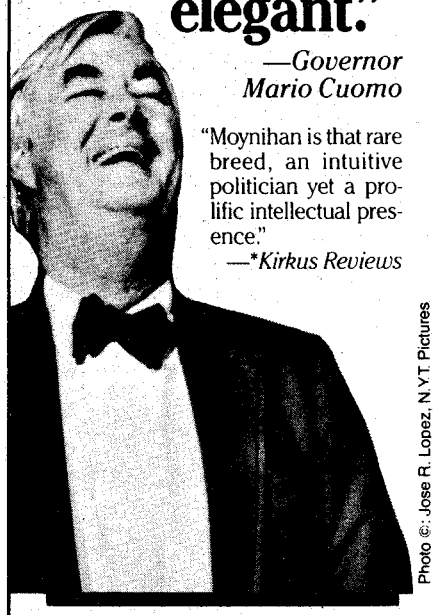


Photo ©: Jose R. Lopez, N.Y.T. Pictures

**CAME THE REVOLUTION**

Argument in the Reagan Era

by Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Now at your bookstore, or for credit card orders only call 1-800-543-1918

HBJ Harcourt Brace Jovanovich


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HOW TO JEOPARDIZE A PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP.

Give someone you care about a gift subscription to *The Nation*.

In all likelihood, the recipient will get just as enraged, worked up, and aggravated about the issues the magazine covers as our regular subscribers do.

That's because *The Nation* covers those issues with a critical spirit and independent perspective that set us apart from other publications. Which isn't surprising, since it's written by such original thinkers as Alexander Cockburn, Christopher Hitchens and Katha Pollitt.

And politics isn't all we cover. Our subscribers also enjoy our writing on the arts, which is of such extraordinary clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should give *The Nation* as a gift after all.

Just be sure your relationship can stand it.

**The Nation.**
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

**THE NATION**
**BOX 1953, MARION OH 43305**

YES! I THINK MY RELATIONSHIP CAN TAKE IT. Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $15 for the first gift and $12 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

GIFT FROM (Your name)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Enclosed is $_____ for _____ subscription(s). (Extend each subscription FOUR FREE ISSUES.)
☐ Bill me later.

Add: Foreign postage: $4.50/24 issues; $9/one year. Subscription payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

LD815


defined their relationship and being at last crowned by the lady, who at the same time demonstrates her love of the arts by having her portrait done in the act of coronation, as she sits surrounded by musical instruments. Perhaps the message was to have been that while the King rules outside, here, in the nest at Louveciennes, love was the ruler and Madame du Barry its minister.

In the end, the Fragonard paintings were refused as out of date by Madame du Barry. Instead, she had installed some exceedingly glacial compositions by the painter Vien. It was as if the spirit of the Revolution in fact was already present, like an unwelcome messenger, in the royal dalliance chamber. Fragonard's tableaux are sublime: Silken creatures frolic in the shade of immense trees, under garden statuary that seems to comment on the stages of love, by elegant cascades and exuberant plantings, as if the Garden of Eden had been designed by the *architect du roi*. But turning her back on the rococo did Madame du Barry no great good: She was guillotined in 1793, when Fragonard, who survived the Revolution, at least personally, was working as a curatorial functionary at the Louvre, starting it on its way to the museum we know—starting, indeed, the concept of the museum as we know it.

In my view, Fragonard became Fragonard through an extended sojourn at the Villa d'Este when he was in residence at the French Academy in Rome. It was there, amid the haunting vegetation and the unkempt ruins, in the dark shadows of colossal cypresses and in sight of cascades of every description, that he developed the surging brush, the rush, the dash, the urgency needed to capture a watery world. I have often thought one could capture Fragonard's genius precisely if one imagined subtracting from his paintings everything they had in common with the work of his friend and painting companion, Hubert Robert. Robert, too, painted the picturesque. His world, too, is dense with trees, ruins, amiable peasants, cascades and plantings. He is a wonderful artist, but there is a restless spirit in the space left over when we subtract him from Fragonard which *is* painting in its highest vocation, where the brush dances as if alive and the paint expresses the surge of life as the flying droplets do the driving water of the fountain, or the shower of sparks the burst of fireworks. Boucher lays paint on as sweetly as a master *pâtissier*. But Fragonard's painting is what is deposited by a gestural certitude that verges on magic. There is a beautiful passage in Proust in which the narrator visits a famous fountain by Hubert Robert one evening at the Guermantes. In reality there is no such fountain, alas, though Proust knows there could have been, as Robert's pictures often have fountains in them, and he was, after all, a landscape architect. But Fragonard's paintings *are* fountains. He transmits the vision of a world of water as the great masters of the Sung transmit one of a world of mists. That is why, for all their lasciviousness, the indolence of his personages and the frivolity of the lives they dream of leading (and their distance from any political or psychological depth), you will be quickened and cleansed by this work.

I always think of Hubert Robert's fountain as described by Proust when I think of Fragonard's *Fête at Saint Cloud*. A wide painting, it shows just such a plume of water, like a silver tree among the golden trees that dwarf, in the foreground, groups of holiday makers in an enchanted park. They are watching vaudeville, or marionette shows, or eating crepes and purchasing toys for their children in a kind of aching innocence, pointing or peering and whispering to one another in the palpable quiet of that place. I have often seen the two great landscapes from the Kress Collection, on loan from the National Gallery in Washington: *Blind Man's Buff* once again, and *The Swing* yet again. Two towering cypresses have been translocated from the Villa d'Este to diminish the tiny figures picnicking in a latticed garden by a rushing waterfall, under immense skies, or dodging the giddy girl with the blindfolded eyes. They could be a metaphor for the human condition, yet it is difficult to draw from them an edifying moral. But I admire the resolute lack of melancholy (the mood with which Watteau, had he painted the same scene, would have infused it), and were I to be given any two paintings in the entire world, I would want only these.

You, enthusiasts for action painting, might admire more the suite of *Figures de fantaisie*, rather mysterious half-figures, some of them identifiable portraits of men and women—actresses; scientists; Diderot himself; a soldier, or an actor playing the role of a soldier; a writer; a man playing a lute; a woman in a yellow dress and lavender ribbon, absorbed in a book and the Abbé de Saint-Non, who was Fragonard's particular patron.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are oil sketches, allegedly done in an hour each, and so far as we know for the artist's own pleasure. Of Fragonard the man we know really very little. I have the sense that the *Figures de fantaisie* form a personal allegory of his own philosophy of life, but like him and like his unmatched powers, it stands as a kind of mystery. □

# THEATER.

## MOIRA HODGSON

### A Streetcar Named Desire

Ever since *A Streetcar Named Desire* first opened on Broadway in 1947, when it was directed by Elia Kazan, it has been widely misinterpreted and misunderstood. With Marlon Brando's performance, Stanley, a sneering bully, became an American icon—an inarticulate sex symbol with a tormented inner life. Blanche, a woman of ideals and a certain amount of culture, whose life collapsed when she walked into a room and found her husband embracing a man, has retreated into a world of fantasy. But she is most often played as a crazy fraud, caught up in a web of lies and mythical Southern gentility.

Many critics have considered the role of Stanley unplayable ever since Brando created it. Yet when the play first opened, Harold Clurman pointed out that Brando altered its values by making Stanley an "intense, introspective, almost lyric personality." The audience sided with Stanley and saw Blanche through his eyes—as a phony who got what she deserved. This may have been partly the fault of Jessica Tandy, whom Clurman found fragile without being touching. Her "speeches—which are lovely in themselves—sound phony, and her long words and noble appeals are as empty as a dilettante's discourse because they do not spring of that warm feeling which is the justification and essence of Blanche's character."

In the film, however, Vivien Leigh's combination of flirtatiousness, warmth and refinement acts as the perfect foil to Stanley. When she tells Stella that he is a survivor of the Stone Age and that "such things as art—as poetry and music—such kinds of new light have come into the world since then! In some kinds of people some tenderer feelings have had some little beginning! . . . *Don't*—

# EVENTS.

**IT'S THE BEST DEAL AROUND**

An Event ad costs only $50 per column inch and reaches 250,000 readers.

Call (212) 242-8400, ext. 22.

1988 U.S.—Nicaragua
**SISTER CITIES CONFERENCE**

**Highlights:** "De Cara Al Pueblo" meeting with **President Ortega**; visits to sister cities; regional caucuses; working meetings with Nicaraguan representatives.

JUNE 18 TO 26

Managua
Nicaragua

$385 including registration, room and board. Participants pay for air fare extra. Contact: Friendship City Projects, 38899 Boulder Canyon Drive, Boulder, CO 80302, (303) 442-0460 (All donations appreciated).

14th Annual Southwest Labor Studies Conference
**TURNING IT AROUND:**
**NEW DIMENSIONS OF LABOR'S STRUGGLES**

Panels and speakers on labor history, gender equality, the church and social justice, Simpson-Rodino, teaching Labor in schools. Featuring **Harry Bernstein**, LA Times, **Eric Mann**, UAW.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, APRIL 29 AND 30

Loyola-Marymount University
Los Angeles

Registration: St. Robert Bellarmine Hall. $10, both days.

Remembering rebellion
**COLUMBIA STRIKE: 20TH REUNION:**

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 7 PM

**Film and panel:** "Why We Struck." Nancy Biberman, Juan Gonzalez, Mark Rudd, Bill Sales, others.

Horace Mann Auditorium
120th Street and Broadway, New York City

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

Noon: **Picnic,** Mathematics Hall Lawn.
3 PM: **Panel,** "Where We've Been, Where We Are Now." Earl Hall Auditorium.
8 PM: **Party,** Earl Hall Auditorium.

The first annual
**Conference on the Teaching of English in Independent Schools**
presents
**FREDRIC JAMESON**

Speaking on global capitalism and Third World literature. Other speakers include: Peter Taubman and John Rankin (Poly Prep School), David Schiller (Horace Mann School), David Nicholson (Riverdale School), Christine Schutt (Nightingale-Bamford School), Diane Handin (Pingry School), Thomas Farrington (The Cathedral School) and Suzanne Price (Convent of the Sacred Heart).

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 9:30 AM TO 4:30 PM

Poly Prep Country Day School
92nd Street and Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn

For further information and registration, call Barbara Swanson (914) 677-5294 or Peter Taubman (718) 836-9800, or write Barbara Swanson, PO Box 366 Millbrook, NY 12545. Registration is $50 and includes lunch and breakfast.
Sponsored by the New York State Association of Independent Schools and Poly Prep.

**THE PERMANENT WAR ECONOMY**
Sculpture by **Christy Rupp**

MARCH 31 TO APRIL 24
WEDNESDAY THROUGH SUNDAY, 12 TO 6 PM

P • P • O • W
337 East 8th Street
New York City

For more information, call (212) 529-1313.

After the Campbell Soup Boycott:
**NEW DIRECTIONS IN FARM WORKER ORGANIZING**
**Baldemar Velasquez**
President, Farm Labor Organizing Committee (FLOC)

THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 5:30 TO 7:30 PM

AFSCME D.C. #37
125 Barclay
New York City

$25 per person fundraising reception. For more information, call Mary Templin at (718) 788-6031.

West Side SANE/FREEZE presents:
**BRIAN WILLSON**
A Veteran for Peace
also
**JOHN RYAN**
Ex-FBI agent fired over Willson case

MONDAY, APRIL 18, 7:30 PM

Joan of Arc J.H.S.
154 West 93rd Street
New York City

$5 Donation. For information, call (212) 799-7422.

**THE NEW YORK MARXIST SCHOOL ANNUAL DINNER**
and presentation of
The First Arthur J. Felberbaum Award to liberation theologist **Cornel West** with performances by Crowsfeet Dance Collective.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27

Local 1199
310 West 43rd Street, New York City

Cocktails: 6:30 P.M.
Full-course Middle-Eastern Dinner: 7:30 P.M.
$35 per person.
RSVP by April 15. (212) 941-0332.

**THE LEGACY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER**
A Dialogue sponsored by the
HUMANIST SOCIETY OF METROPOLITAN NEW YORK
a chapter of the
AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION

**Guest Speaker:** Professor Richard Gid Powers, author of "The Life of J. Edgar Hoover."
**Presiding:** Edward J. Ennis, Esq. Chairman, A.C.L.U. 1967-76.

MONDAY, MAY 9

The New York University Club
123 West 43rd Street
New York City

6:30 pm Dinner and Reception $23
8 pm Dialogue only $7

Please send your name, address, phone and affiliation with your check payable to: Humanist Society of Metropolitan NY, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. Reservations limited. For information, call Jesse Gordon (212) 687-2477.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*don't* hang back with the brutes!" she is not being pretentious; she is trying to sum up an ideal. Meanwhile, Stanley hesitates outside the door, licking his lips.

Stanley is both villain—a mindless barbarian railing against civilization and culture—and a proletarian hero of the inarticulate gamekeeper school. "Animal joy in his being is implicit in all his movements and attitudes," say Williams's stage directions. "Since earliest manhood the center of his life has been pleasure with women, the giving and taking of it, not with weak indulgence . . . but with the power and pride of a richly feathered male bird among hens."

The current Broadway revival of *Streetcar*, directed by Nikos Psacharopoulos, is a sterling effort by first-rate actors. But it fails to realize the author's intentions. This is not to say that the acting is bad, because it isn't. It is a question of casting and interpretation.

Aidan Quinn is a superb actor, but he possesses not one of the qualities, physical or temperamental, required to play Stanley Kowalski. He has a sensitive, fine-boned face with delicate features and comes across more as a surly adolescent than the "gaudy seed-bearer" Williams describes. There is no powerful animal magnetism in Quinn's Stanley and no aura of danger, either. Physically, he looks like the "before" picture in an advertisement for a Charles Atlas course. His fits of rage and violence—throwing the radio out of the window, breaking the dishes, beating his pregnant wife—contain no real menace. They resemble fits of pique. His most compelling mannerism is spitting food when he talks—something he does very well.

The struggle between Blanche and Stanley is the struggle between female warmth and brutal masculine libido, but there is no sense of that struggle in this production. There is no electricity between the two stars, no feeling of inevitability as the play builds to its climax and the date they've had for a long time. Part of this is due to Blythe Danner's interpretation of Blanche. Danner, with her fluttery long fingers and expressive face, is a wonderfully intelligent actress. But her Blanche is more eccentric and fey than warm and poetic. With a genteel Southern accent that grows on you, she plays Blanche as a flighty moth, but as a moth with iron wings. There's little hint of her sweetness, and you never see that she is both attracted and repelled by Stanley.

Danner's emotions never reach the point where you feel she is about to break. When she cries "Fire!" you don't get the impression that here is the hysteria she has barely kept in check throughout the play; she sounds more like a society hostess at a fire drill. And at the end, when she has snapped, there is no sense that something noble has been destroyed. At this point the play is perilously close to what Mary McCarthy bitchily described as a variation on the mother-in-law visit. Now Stanley can get his bathroom back.

Because the performances are so off-balance, several details come into question. When Mitch (Frank Converse) holds a naked lightbulb over Blanche's face so that he can look at her "good and plain," you wonder just how old Williams intended her to be. Logically, she can't be that much older than Stella, who is in her mid-20s. So what is all the fuss about? In fact, Williams put Blanche's age at 30. As a wounded 30-year-old trying to pass for a kittenish debutante, Blanche makes sense—that is, if Mitch, her suitor, is a young milquetoast still tied to Mamma's apron strings. But if Blanche and Mitch are played by actors who are too mature, as they are in the current production, the action becomes unbelievable. This confusion undermines an excellent performance by Converse, who is utterly heartbreaking in his misery, with his squashed boxer's face and brilliantined hair, his awkward, self-conscious movements and his shiny suits.

The only performer who was both perfectly cast and solid in the role was Frances McDormand as Stella. But it was hard to see how a night with this particular Stanley could endow her with "that almost narcotized tranquillity that is in the faces of Eastern idols."

John Conklin's set works well in the difficult round space at the Circle in the Square Theater. The costumes by Jess Goldstein were particularly good, with just the right—slightly outdated—fussy laciness for Blanche. But Michael O'Flaherty's incidental music is third-rate (whatever happened to the famous "blue piano"?). The flower vendor, a sentimental device that I've never liked, is particularly irritating.

Even though so much is wrong with this production (which was originally staged at the Williamstown Theater Festival in Williamstown, Massachusetts), it still makes an interesting evening. No matter what the actors and directors do with it, Williams's *Streetcar* is such a splendid play that it manages to ride itself. □


# CLASSIFIED.

*While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive,* The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

## APARTMENTS DESIRED

**NATION EMPLOYEE** seeks bright living space below 20th Street in Manhattan. Call (212) 924-4379.

## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

**SUBLET—NORTH SLOPE,** Brooklyn, 1+year, 2-bedroom, 1½ bath, newly renovated duplex, architecturally appealing, garden, ½ block from subway in interesting ethnic neighborhood. $1,200/month. Available mid-July. (718) 857-0424, evenings.

## BOOKS

**NOW AVAILABLE.** Catalogue one: Labor and Radical studies. Rare, scarce, O.P. Write: Southpaw Books, 57 Beechglen Street, Roxbury, MA 02119. (617) 442-5524. We buy single items and collections.

**STAY YOUNG AND LIVE LONGER.** A book that must be read. Free. Cell, 1611 Mound, Jacksonville, IL 62650.

**"WILHELM REICH,"** 2-act, $6.95. "STALIN," 2-act, $5.95. Dawn Press, Box 137, Lincoln Park, MI 48146.

**Psst! Want something to raise the blood pressure of your feminist friend?**

PUNCHDRUNK MAN READER by Chester Mack. True, this is a book of anti-feminist persuasion; but, if your friend is objective, she/he may come to see the merit of its ideas. Offers a critique of materialistic society focusing upon civil-rights extremism, corporate and professional greed and masculine self-hate. Issues a call to fight back. Recommends shorter work hours, judicial restraint and self-sacrificing leaders as a means of rebuilding our torn community. Hardcover, 140 pages, 30-day moneyback guarantee. To order, send check for $15.95 (includes delivery) to: Thistlerose Pub., Box F, 1007 Greenbrier, St. Paul, MN 55106.

## BOOKLETS

**SCHOLARS SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE**
The Trisection of the Angle
with unmarked rule and compass only
32 p. copyrighted booklet
Send $19.95 to Dept. L, Box 771, Fort Bragg, CA 95437.

**SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!**

Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but **ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE!** Send $4 to Abelard Reuchlin Foundation, Box 5652-B, Kent WA 98064. SASE for details.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## BOOKLETS

**STUNNING BOOKLET** satirizes the rich and famous. Read at parties. Uproarious fun. Send $5 for TADWAG, Box 5225, Lafayette, LA 70502.

## BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

**Wm CAXTON BOOK SEARCH,** PO Box 1050, Evanston, IL 60204-1050. Call or send wants, phone and address. (312) 475-1800.

**STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK?** Free search. Sperling Books, Box 1766A Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

## CASSETTES

**DISSENTING VOICES**

**Noam Chomsky:** U.S. Mideast Policy; Beyond the Reagan Era; U.S. Central America Policy.

**Alexander Cockburn:** The Mainstream Media; Manufacturing Consent.

**Edward Said:** The Question of Palestine.

$8 each cassette. Write for free catalogue. David Barsamian, 1415 Dellwood, Boulder, CO 80302.

## COUNSELING

**WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST,** 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity, New York City. (212) 582-5508.

**PERSONAL PROBLEMS? CARING, EXPERIENCED** clinical psychotherapist will help resolve them. Short- or long-term treatment as needed. Sliding scale. NYC: (212) 466-6775 or Nassau: (516) 484-1249.

**BISEXUAL DILEMMAS?** Pressured? conflicted, isolated? Experienced C.S.W. can help concerned individuals and couples. Call for further information. NYC: (212) 533-8578.

## EDUCATION

CASA NICARAGÜENSE DE ESPAÑOL

All Nicaragua is a school!

A SPANISH LANGUAGE, POLITICAL AND CULTURAL STUDY CENTER IN MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

- Study Spanish four hours daily at all levels
- Live with a Nicaraguan family
- Meet with representatives from government institutions and mass organizations
- Visit cooperatives, community projects and attend cultural events
- Travel to different regions of Nicaragua

ENTRY DATES 1988: May 2 July 25 Oct. 17 May 30 Aug. 22 Nov. 14 June 27 Sept. 19 Dec. 12

CNE

CNE also teaches English to the leaders of the mass organizations. Interested teachers please write for information

Send self-addressed stamped envelope to: 2330 W. THIRD ST., Ste. 4 LOS ANGELES, CA 90057 (213) 386-8077

**LEARN SPANISH IN GUATEMALA:** Five hours daily, one student per teacher. Family living, social and community activities. Start Mondays. Casa Xelaju de Espanol, Box 11264, Milwaukee, WI 53211. (414) 372-5570.

## EDUCATION

**Speak French like a diplomat!**

Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 47 languages in all. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234**

**audio-forum®** Dept. 394, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

**SPEAK SPANISH.** Cuernavaca Language School, the place to learn it. Five hours each day. Cultural activities, field trips and excursions. Family living. Apdo. 4-254, 62430 Cuernavaca, Mexico (73)15-46-43.

**VISIT NICARAGUA:** Spanish courses, family living and community activities in Esteli. Scholarships available. Apply now for 1988 sessions. NICA, PO Box 1409-XX, Cambridge, MA 02238. (617) 497-7142.

Travel/Work/Study

**CENTRAL AMERICA/CARIBBEAN**

Travel/Documentation. Cultural, historical, political studies in several countries. Spanish training.

**SOUTHERN AFRICA**

Work in community development project/Documentation. Swahili.

Both 9-month programs begin September 1, 1988 and include periods of preparation and presentation in North America.

IICD, PO Box 1063, Amherst, MA 01004. (413) 549-5285.

## HOUSE SHARING

**PHILADELPHIA:** Progressive professional woman with healthy lifestyle seeks sensible person to share charming Germantown home. $275/month plus utilities. (215) 848-8141.

## JEWELRY

**CRYSTAL PENDANT** with neck chain, charming, $12.95 pre-paid. Colorado Trading, PO Box 258, Columbia, KY 42728.

## ★★★MAY DAY! MAY DAY!★★★

**"And when better days dawn, when the working class of the world has won its deliverance—then too humanity will celebrate May Day in honour of the bitter struggles and many sufferings of the past."** —Rosa Luxemburg (1894)

Celebrate May Day! Deliver your encomium to your pals through our Classifieds.

Mail to: May Day, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

Deadline: April 13; messages will appear in the April 30 (May Day Eve) issue.

Rate: $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum.

A red Nation T-shirt (M, L, XL) will be awarded for the most inspirational greeting.

## MERCHANDISE

**"MONEY TRICKLES DOWN, DEBT TRIPLES UP"** "Trickled down yet?" Bumper stickers. $2 each. BoisLine TN, PO Box 7339, Boise, ID 83707. Quantity rates.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**RUSSIAN TYPEWRITERS,** brand new Hermes portable, $175. Also, English and other language typewriters. Russian language instruction. Jacob Sachs, 251 West 98th Street, New York, NY 10025. (212) 222-6683.

## OFFICE SPACE

**OFFICE SHARE**—Split 400+ square feet. SoHo, NYC. $315, (212) 966-9619, AM. No smokers.

## PERSONALS

**PERSONALS ADVERTISERS**

A Nation box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $7.50 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

**SINGLE BOOKLOVERS** for all cultured singles, 3,000 members. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 or call (215) 358-5049.

**CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER**

links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

**ENERGETIC WF SEEKS WM,** 65-75, to share music, peace, sunsets on the bay. PO Box 9714, Berkeley, CA 94709.

**"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US."** While we confront grave issues let's not "lay waste our powers." Let's remember to create space for friendship and intimacy. SLENDER, ENERGETIC WIDOW—68, activist, music, dance enthusiast—seeks male companion responsive to world problems and individual needs. Nation Box 431.

**I LIKE STUBBORNESS** and a sense of humor. Also baseball, movies and bluesy jazz. Attractive SF, 5'7", late 20s, leftist politics, seeks likeminded man to keep me on my toes. Nation Box 432.

**SWM EARLY 30s,** professional, works extensively in Central America, progressive activist, fun-loving and warm, seeks woman: 25+, exotic tastes, intellectual, committed progressive, attractive, speaks Spanish, career that can travel and desire to do so. Letter/photo. Nation Box 437.

**EARTHY AND INTELLECTUAL,** progressive professional DWF, lively late 50s. Varied interests. Seeking compatible warm male friend. Chicago area only. Nation Box 440.

**TALL, SLIM WRITER, 48.** Pretty, funny, smart and kind. Loves music, books, food, baseball, the outdoors, this magazine. Seeks soul mate/companion, bright sweet grownup man. Northeast. Nation Box 441.

**LEFT-OF-CENTER** local columnist, 40, seeks a funny and feisty shiksa goddess, 30-45, who wants to escape to a friendly, politically active college town. Box 3462, Iowa City, IA 52244.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CLASSIFIED.

## PERSONALS

**A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT OF TIKKUN,** a little to the left of Commentary. Egalitarian woman seeks a man, early 60s, warm, loving, intellectual, insightful, MENCHY!! Nation Box 447.

**SF BAY AREA,** SWF, 34: Severely alienated but still in the race, still slender, still reading The Nation. Nation Box 445.

**If responding to a Nation Box number** send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

## POSITIONS AVAILABLE

Engineers, Technicians, Businesspeople, Computer Professionals, Mechanics, etc.,
**NICARAGUA NEEDS YOU!**
Volunteers are urgently needed for 2-week training and consulting positions in various governmental and non-governmental agencies. Trips leave every month. Please contact:
**tecNICA**, Dept. N, 2727 College Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94705 415-848-0292

**EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR.** Statewide SANE/FREEZE affiliate seeks person with management skills to do fundraising, grass-roots organizing, and to direct all operations. Salary $20-22,000. Send resume and writing sample by June 1 to Search Committee, MASS FREEZE, 456 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02139. EOE.

**COMMUNITY JOBS,** socially responsible jobs and internships. Subscribe to the only nationwide newspaper listing, covering lobbying, organizing, environment, disarmament and more. $9/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box 1205N, 1516 P Street NW, Washington, DC 20005.

**GOVERNMENT JOBS** $16,040-$59,230/year. Now hiring. Your area. 1-(805) 687-6000 Ext. R-3596 for current Federal list.

**VOLUNTEER CONSTRUCTION WORK** in Nicaragua. Spanish/English speaking Construction Coordinator (stipend) and skilled workers needed. Call AMISTAD (313) 761-7960.

## POSITIONS AVAILABLE

**MUJERES UNIDAS,** an educational project for low-income Latina women, needs a COUNSELOR with experience in emotional counseling. Required: Bilingual, desire to work in collective, and for women from different cultures. Send resume by April 21 to: 1534 Dorchester Avenue, Dorchester, MA 02122.

**EXPERIENCE NICARAGUA.** Architects and Planners in Support of Nicaragua offers: Delegations—independently organized, educational travel in Nicaragua, all interested parties welcome (next 6/2—6/11). Technical Assistance—individual work assignments in various disciplines. Building brigades—experience desirable. Call (213) 455-1340; write APSNICA, PO Box 1151, Topanga, CA 90290.

## PUBLICATIONS

**OPT OUT OF THE SYSTEM!** You have a stake in common ownership. Send for FREE thought-provoking catalogue. Introductory packet ("World Socialist" and "World Socialist Review") $2. World Socialist Party (US), Box 405, Boston, MA 02272.

**BISEXUALITY,** a national newsletter. For information, send SASE to: PO Box 1174, Visalia, CA 93291.

**BAD HAIRCUT QUARTERLY**—Vibrant publication for peace community. $10/year. 12922 Harbor Blvd. #942, Garden Grove, CA 92640.

**TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN** available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

**LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER.** A monthly newsletter covering business and economics from a left viewpoint. "A salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals."—Alexander Cockburn. One year $15. 3-issue trial, $5. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

**THE PEOPLE.** Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. $4/year. The People (N), Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

## REAL ESTATE

**GOVERNMENT HOMES** FROM $1. (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call (805) 687-6000, ext. GH-3596.

## RESEARCH

**BOOK RESEARCH.** Gay men and straight women: Do you have a gay/straight love match? Privacy assured for respondents; credentials provided. Write C. Whitney, 84 Charles Street, #19, New York, NY 10014.

## SERVICES

**EXPERT HOUSEPAINTER**—and socially conscious, too. Prompt, neat, reasonable rates. Airless sprayer for large spaces. 10 years experience. References. Free estimate. Call and leave message. (718) 388-0490.

**SOCIAL SECURITY CHECK-UP**

You've spent years paying into Social Security; now spend one minute to insure it's there when you need it.

Studies by the U.S. General Accounting Office suggest that 1 in 6 Social Security benefits are recorded incorrectly; experts advise that you verify your Social Security accounts every 2 or 3 years.

Send us $3. We send you the Social Security form requesting an accounting, which you complete and mail on. Then, in 2½ years, we send you a reminder to verify again.

Analytic Solutions, Inc., 2901 Broadway, #144(N), New York, NY 10025.

## SUMMER RENTALS

**JAMAICA.** Beachfront villa, fishing village. With cook, four people, $600/week. Flyer, pictures, (203) 247-0759.

**MOUNTAIN RETREAT,** modern cabin bordering Pennsylvania state forest, good hiking, $250/week. Call (717) 742-4118.

**DESIGNER'S COUNTRY HOME**
**Blairstown, New Jersey**

1½ hours from NYC, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, spectacular country kitchen, A/C, all amenities; patio, gardens, 14 acres. Secluded rural setting near Poconos. Golf, tennis, swim 5 minutes away. Direct bus to NYC. June-September season or monthly at $525/week plus utilities. (212) 662-7403 evenings.

## TRAVEL

**COVERED WAGON TOURS.** Groups 6-12. Breathtaking Ozark scenery. Also camping, cabins, unlimited trails. The Farm, Pinnacle Mountain, Elkins, AR 72727. (501) 643-3557.

**LEARN TO** "Roam the World by Freighter," $3. TravLtips Association, Box 188U7A, Flushing, NY 11358.

**NICARAGUA.** Join our 8-day, people-to-people delegations for an experience you'll never forget. Leaving Los Angeles or meet us in Mexico City. Write for schedule. Office of the Americas, 1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401. (213) 451-2428.

**UNIQUE ARTS, MUSIC, SPA** tour. Chopin, Salzburg, Vienna Music Festivals; Warsaw, Krakow, Prague, Budapest. 17 days $2,674! August 5. (212) 541-5707. Fregata Travel.

## CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

**Rates:** $1.25 per word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: $50 per column inch.

**Deadline:** Wednesday, 17 days prior to Saturday issue date.

**Discounts:** Pay for 3 runs, get 1 more free. Pay for 7 runs, 3 more free. Pay for 15 runs, 10 more free.

**To:** THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

**Enclosed is my check for $_____ for ____ weeks, plus ____ weeks free.**

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

**Payment must accompany order.** **Payment in U.S. currency.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## TRAVEL

**TAOS**—You will be welcome at Harrison's Bed and Breakfast. PO Box 242, Taos, NM, 87571, (505) 758-2630.

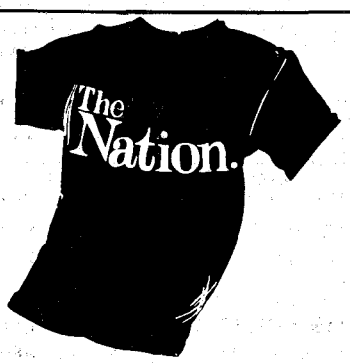
**YOUR CHILD** can have the experience of a lifetime—camping with children from all over the world—in the Soviet Union this summer. For more information about how your 12- to 15-year-old child can attend Artek International Camp, please call or write: Voices of the Future, 250 West 57th Street, #1428, New York, NY 10107; (212) 245-7501 or toll free out of New York State (800) 223-1336. Program dates: July 15-August 20. Cost: only $1,750.

## T-SHIRTS

**THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT**

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution screened on a Quality T-Shirt
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE
CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT. 10
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920

SPECIAL
2 For $13.95 PPD!
$9.95 Each PPD.
Red/White/Lt. Blue/Yellow
S/M/L/XL



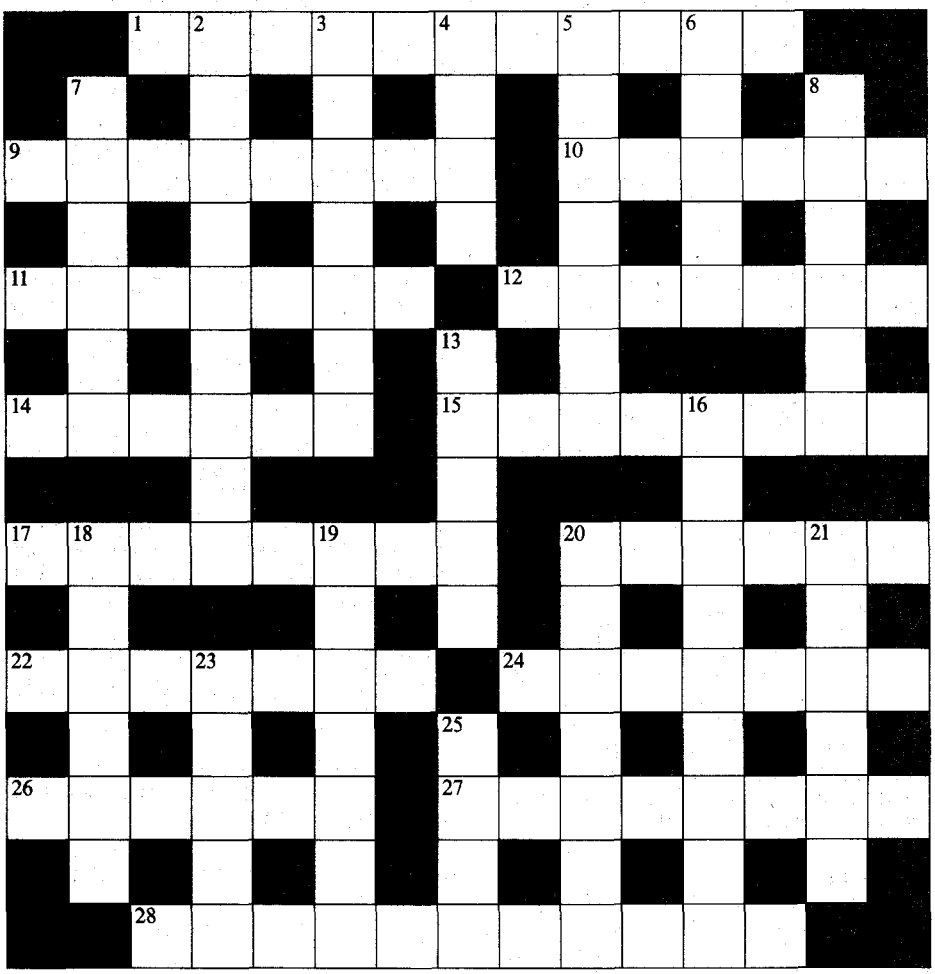

**FASHION CONSCIOUS** or fashion conscience, wearing a Nation T-shirt makes a statement. Red or black with white lettering, "The Nation" is printed on the front and "since 1865" on the back. All cotton, S, M, L and XL. $9.95 each, including UPS delivery. (New York residents add sales tax.) Mail check or money order to The Nation, Fashion Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.


SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2192

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | N | C | E | S | T | R | Y | ■ | T | O | R | I | E | S |
| N | ■ | H | ■ | Y | ■ | A | ■ | C | ■ | W | ■ | N | ■ | Y |
| C | H | A | M | B | E | R | ■ | H | O | L | D | S | O | N |
| H | ■ | F | ■ | A | ■ | E | ■ | A | ■ | E | ■ | C | ■ | O |
| O | F | F | E | R | ■ | B | L | I | S | T | E | R | E | D |
| R | ■ | ■ | ■ | I | ■ | I | ■ | N | ■ | ■ | ■ | I | ■ | S |
| E | L | E | C | T | ■ | T | E | S | T | T | U | B | E | ■ |
| D | ■ | V | ■ | E | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | E | ■ | E | ■ | S |
| ■ | C | E | N | S | O | R | E | D | ■ | M | U | S | I | C |
| I | ■ | N | ■ | ■ | ■ | E | ■ | O | ■ | P | ■ | ■ | ■ | O |
| N | U | M | E | R | I | C | A | L | ■ | O | R | D | E | R |
| C | ■ | O | ■ | O | ■ | A | ■ | L | ■ | R | ■ | O | ■ | C |
| H | A | N | G | M | A | N | ■ | A | Z | I | M | U | T | H |
| E | ■ | E | ■ | A | ■ | T | ■ | R | ■ | Z | ■ | B | ■ | E |
| S | A | Y | I | N | G | ■ | A | S | B | E | S | T | O | S |

# Crossword Puzzle No. 2193

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 If you don't want to see a physician, take this! (2,5,1,3)
9 Hudson craft, possibly reminiscent of carving on the outhouse. (4,4)
10 England, Scotland, etc., on stormy seas, according to foreign edicts. (6)
11 Part of the proposals, if you want to get a root vegetable there. (7)
12 One did a bad turn, and got one of those spongy growths. (7)
14 One who refuses to admit it's a measure of fineness? (6)
15 It has several voices, although it implies it's only half-musical. (4,4)
17 Her query concerning a December visitor got press notice, though it was one of the first to be stated. (8)
20 What some public relations seem to get stuck in? Show some regard! (6)
22 Excises what the faulty motor does, perhaps. (4,3)
24 One who might also deal with the French, where environment is shaky. (7)
26 The sort of chaser to look for? (6)
27 Art is outstanding if so, but with aspirin one hopes the pain ends like this. (2,6)
28 They might pose for infant portraits, one of them being tender. (4,7)

DOWN

2 Angling out as one sees it? (2,7)
3 Advertising prospectus? Present for acceptance! (7)
4 and 13 Extended oratory in Colorado might be the high point of your vacation! (5,4)
5 A star finally rising very colorfully, and split into pieces. (7)
6 How to make a profit once more? (5)
7 It might be a false front, but notice the dial around it, (6)
8 A demand for John Hancock once more? Get out of the office! (6)
13 See 4 down
16 Uncle is getting better, in a crude way, according to Dickens. (3,6)
18 Getting used to things is tantamount to being ruined, ruined! (6)
19 Full of round figures, or just a little bad? (7)
20 School where the Rams scrimmage? (7)
21 What the Scotsman might have done, tipsy or not! (6)
23 The country of the busy Rialto? (5)
25 I'm made to get up more than once—possibly because her hands were said to be little and cold. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

**PUZZLED?**

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

X-523

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HOW TO CARE FOR THE NEW BASE COAT/CLEAR COAT FINISH ON YOUR CAR.

## TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS.

Base coat/clear coat painting is a better way to paint cars. Instead of the old single layer of lacquer or enamel color coat, General Motors now uses two layers of paint on most of our models. The base layer contains the pigment or color, and the top layer is a clear coat of acrylic polymer to bring out the brilliance of the color and give a glossy, mirror-like finish.

The principle is like that of a mirror: the clear coat functions like the glass.

With single coat finishes, the color is exposed to the atmosphere, so sun, water, wind and dirt can cause deterioration. With base coat/clear coat paint, the color is not exposed to the atmosphere, so the desirable characteristics of the finish last longer.

**Base coat/clear coat finishes require less maintenance,** but they, like all paints, are susceptible to abrasives, which will scratch the finish or give it a hazy appearance, reducing both its gloss and imaging (mirror-like) qualities.

Wash any base coat/clear coat finish with gentle, non-abrasive cleaners, rinsing away all loose dirt with plenty of water before sponging on the soapy solution.

**Rinse the cloth or sponge or change it frequently** to avoid scratching the finish with dirt or grit. If you use a commercial tar or bug remover, read the instructions carefully, then try it out on an inconspicuous area first.

If you use a commercial car wash, look for one that uses a soft scrub system. A few car wash systems employ harsh brushes, which may scratch the clear coat finish.

Base coat/clear coat paint need not be polished as often as a lacquer or enamel to remove the grime and effects of weathering. When you do polish it (once or twice a year), use a mild cleaning wax, not an abrasive. Polish gently, by hand.

Avoid mechanical polishing or sanding of the surface.

Don't use a scrub brush on the paint or on the wheels, if they're aluminum mag wheels with clear coat paint on them.

**You can help maintain the finish on your car by parking and driving wisely.** Try not to park under trees, where bird droppings or sap, which contain compounds that can injure the finish, may fall onto your car. Try to park upwind from industrial areas. If you get cement dust or fly ash on your car from any fire or smokestack, rinse it off immediately.

When you drive, go easy on the gas pedal to keep stones from flying up and chipping the paint during quick starts. When traveling on dirt or gravel roads, put some extra distance between you and the car ahead to avoid running into stones thrown into the air by that car's tires.

**If you get a scratch or chip in the finish,** and it's a deep one, you should probably seek expert repair advice on how to keep it looking good and to avoid exposing bare metal to the elements. If the scratch is small, auto supply stores and GM dealers offer two-step touch-up paints to repair the underlying color coat and the clear coat finish.

General Motors has made this better finish standard for all colors on most models of cars and trucks. Consult your owner's manual or ask your dealer whether your car has base coat/clear coat paint.

If you have this new finish, try a little tenderness, and your car will look better for a long, long time.

---

*This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.*

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED